THE

LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

August, 1803.

LADY HAMILTON.

[With an elegant Portrait.]

THE sister arts of Music and Painting have been under considerable obligations to the Lady whose portrait ornaments our present number of the Lady's Museum. While resident abroad, her country-folks always derived the greatest satisfaction from her affability and polite attention; and to her efforts and exertions, in a time of imminent danger from foreign violence and domestic treachery, Royalty itself has been indebted both for consolation and comfort. She is, if we are not misinformed, a native of Flintshire, and resided some time in the family of a relation of Alderman Boydell. About the year 1791 she became the wife of the late Sir William Hamilton; and never, it is said, was an union productive of more perfect felicity. The anxious solicitude, the unwearied attention, the domestic duties, joined to the uncommon talents and accomplishments, of Lady Hamilton, were sources of the purest happiness to both, as well as of delight to the circle in which they lived. Sir William experienced from this Lady, in his last illness, all the consolations of which life was susceptible; and at length, without a struggle or sigh, breathed his last in her arms. To conclude, we are told, that to her relations she is liberal and kind; to those from whom she has at any time received obligations, grateful and remembering; and to her friends in general, polite and engaging.

OLD WOMAN.

NO. LX.

IN conformity to the principle I originally laid down, and have constantly adhered to, of allowing a paper, occasionally, to the letters of correspondents, and subjoining a brief reply to each, I now lay the following display before my readers, without farther comment or introduction.

DEAR MADAM,

Though I must confess that you have thrown out some oblique reflections against that fashionable dissipation which has been carried to an unprecedented excess in the metropolis of late, of giving expensive routes, you have not marked the practice with half the reprobation it deserves.

It has been my fortune to receive several cards of invitation from ladies of high rank, who shall be nameless, because I do not wish that their follies should be remembered; and I have attended two or three routes, not with any view of receiving pleasure, but of trying to discover what mighty charm they possessed, to give them currency on one side; and what purposes were answered on the other, which would justify the expenditure of so much money. The result has been, that nothing but the gratification of the most ridiculous vanity can account for the practice of *giving* routes; and nothing but the most egregious folly can induce any person to frequent them, after once seeing the plan on which they are conducted, and the gross extravagance to which they lead, without either temptation or enjoyment. The Countess of A. the Duchess of B. the Marchioness C. Lady D. and plain Mrs. B. and so on through the alphabet, have been all bit with the rage of giving routes this winter, to their equals and superiors; and I wish to God they would have exerted half as much

much skill and contrivance, and expended half as much money, in studying to give *routes* to the enemies of Great Britain: but this patriotic sentiment seems never to have entered their giddy heads and dissipated hearts; and they have exhausted their ingenuity and means, without gaining one object that will not pain them on reflection.

What is a route? It is merely an assemblage of people, who have no common tie of interest, or of amicable association, drawn together to stare, pay compliments, sweat, crowd, press, see, and be gone. With difficulty they reach the mansion where this indefinably ridiculous something is to be given; with difficulty they enter it amidst avenues of lacquies; and with greater difficulty they leave it, after being fatigued, exhausted, and, if they have any sense remaining, ashamed of their egregious folly. Perhaps their noses may be regaled with the smell of oranges, lemons, and flowers, drawn from the hot-houses, and doomed to encounter the chilling blasts for which they are unfit; perhaps their ears may be tickled with music, their eyes with various sights, and their palates with unnatural dainties; yet I am convinced no one would encounter half the inconveniencies to which they are exposed, did not fashion, in her omnipotence, say, that her votaries must swallow this bitter draught; did not the multitude of fools, resolute to suffer and to dare, trumpet out the triumph of ostentatious vanity, and the disgrace of honourable singularity. It is the sublime ambition of every lady who engages in a route, to muster as many forces as possible, and particularly of titles and distinctions; and so successful are they in general, that I have often blushed to see the names of princes, nobles, dignitaries, senators, warriors, and patriots, published in a newspaper, for the gratification of some silly female who has drawn them into her lure, and then exposes them for their weak compliance.

But I will say no more on this subject, which deserves all that wit, ridicule, or satire, can produce to

bring it into contempt. I possess neither; but I appeal to the plain sense, the unsophisticated feelings, of my countrywomen, if, after the season of routes is passed, they can enjoy the retrospect with pleasure or self-congratulation. I will hope that, like the influenza, routes are only a periodical disease; or like the small-pox, that those who have had it once, are not liable to catch it again.

I am,
Dear Madam,
Yours,

The OLD WOMAN most cordially joins in the strictures thrown out by her ingenious correspondent, in regard to that unmeaning thing, a route, which is equally disgraceful to the taste as to the feelings of its patronesses. What! shall two or three thousand pounds be taken from the wants of domestic life, or from the demands of charity, for no better purpose than to hurry oneself and family into a fever, and to see a suite of rooms filled with a motley groupe of idle, dissipated characters for a few hours, from which each retires jaded and disgusted, and is ready to curse the infatuation which obliges them to be the parties or the victims of such contemptible folly. I never hear of a route, or read the string of names which are ostentatiously recorded to have attended it, without a mixture of pity and indignation. I commiserate those who have so far lost all laudable and honourable taste for enjoyment, as to be pleased with such paltry gewgaws; and my heart rises in hostility against the vain and selfish supporters of such a system of worthless extravagance, when I reflect on the miseries of human life, and the numbers who might be rendered happy, by the useless waste and profusion of a single route or ball. Luxury, and a want of moral feeling, are always the forerunners of the destruction of a nation; and we have too much reason to fear, if principles and practice are not

not both speedily reformed, that the causes which have uniformly produced the same effects, may operate our ruin; and that we shall not even have the consolation to think, that we have deserved a better fate. At all times, but more particularly at the present, the rich and the great should set a good example; and if they have more money than they want, they ought to devote it to the relief of the unfortunate, or the defence of their country, and not waste it without credit, satisfaction, or merit. Many are the instances, however, where pride and meanness go hand in hand; where the just claims of a family of honest tradesmen, or of virtuous poverty, are neglected, merely to furnish an article for a newspaper, or to extort a compliment which conscience disowns.

MRS. OLD WOMAN,

I know not whether you are a patriot, or whether politics is not wholly expunged from your creed. You seem a good moral, praying, pains-taking body; but that will not do in these times of alarm, and perhaps of danger. My grandmama, who, I dare say, is as old as you are, I assure you, is quite a heroine, and she talks about giving *Bonyparty*, or what you call him—I mean the great *Counsel* of the French—a good brush, should he ever venture near her quarters. She has inspired me with a similar resolution; and as courage, like cowardice, is catching, I have communicated the flame of patriotism to a considerable number of my young female acquaintances, who all agree *crim. con.* (I believe I should say *nem. con.*) that no sighing swain shall be admitted into our presence, or dare to touch even the hem of our garments, till he has given some proofs of his bravery against the foe, or at least of his determination to guard Old England from every insult. We have resolved that the man who has not courage to

defend his country, is not fit to be trusted with our persons; and as we are neither old nor ugly, we hope by these means to animate generous youths to combat the enemy, if he will give them an opportunity, before they lay siege to us. I hope the same sentiment will prevail throughout the kingdom; and that if England should ever really be in danger, it may be saved by the patriotism of its ladies. Do, old shrivelled face, publish this to the world; and if you have no power to raise recruits yourself, you may still essentially serve your country, by telling the fops and loungers of the day, that it is in vain to tempt us by any other qualities, except courage, conduct, and a generous contempt of danger, when the defence of beauty, and of all that ought to be dear to men, summon them to arms.

Your's,

BELLICOSA.

I do not consider it as the proper sphere of women to enter into political discussions; but when the general welfare, the very independence of the country, is at stake, every voice should be exalted, every arm be raised, against the insolent foe who vainly flatters himself he can intimidate, if he cannot conquer. Bellicosa appears to be a girl of spirit; and her principles, and those of her young friends, are certainly suited to the circumstances of the times. At all periods of the world, the influence of women has had a powerful effect on public affairs; and it cannot be more honourably exerted, than in communicating ardour to the timid, and in holding out encouragement to the brave. I subjoin a martial song, written by a friend of mine during the last war, which Bellicosa, and those of a similar way of thinking, may, perhaps, sing with effect at this crisis.

When

When courage fires the hero's breast
To dare the foe through fields of war,
Deep is his country's love imprest,
But Beauty's safe-guard deeper far.

Warm in his manly bosom roll
The social joy, the kindred tie;
And as affection fills his soul,
He fights to conquer, or to die.

He lives -blest Peace resumes her sway,
He shares her gifts, ne'er thinks of toil,
For Honour gilds his latest day,
And his is Beauty's partial smile.

M.

THE SAILOR'S WIDOW.

FEW things can be so completely gratifying to a mind of sensibility, as that of being enabled to sooth the sorrows of the distressed; and by the assuaging charm of sympathy, to pour the balm of comfort into a suffering being's breast. Yet how astonishing is it to observe, with what apathy and indifference the greater part of mankind even behold the afflictions of their friends! and how few voluntarily step forward as the champions of misfortune, unless, by so doing, some advantage is to accrue to themselves!

I have been led into this train of reflection, from an accidental circumstance which occurred within the last ten days, where the dread of bestowing charity upon an object undeserving of it, arrested those emotions which do honour to the human mind. An unfortunate female, apparently about five-and-twenty, fell down in a fit in one of the streets at the West end of the town. An infant was hanging at her breast, and attempting to draw nourishment from a channel, which disease and poverty seemed nearly to have dried! The attention of a party of ladies was attracted towards the window, by the crowd which had assembled round the woman and the child; and my heart

dilated

dilated with pleasure, at beholding benevolence depictured on the greater part of their countenances, and seeing them ready to offer that assistance the unfortunate woman evidently required. One of the number, however, happened to make the ill-timed observation, that "In all probability the fit was feigned; for there were so many impostors in the metropolis, that the greatest acts of charity were generally misapplied!" This remark was seconded by another lady of the party, and the effect it produced is more easily to be imagined than described; the purse which had been unstrung, was returned into the pocket; and the marks of sympathy and compassion were no longer visible on each face.

Fortunately, however, for the afflicted sufferer, she had attracted the observation of some beings, whose benevolence of disposition taught them to believe it their duty to relieve the very appearance of distress, and who thought it better to err on the side of humanity, than to let the coldness of precaution freeze the warm current in their breasts.

Allowing that benevolence may sometimes be imposed upon, and that indiscriminate charity is liable to be misapplied, yet is it not better to run the hazard of this misapplication, than to allow an unfortunate fellow creature to perish from distress? The sum which is generally contributed towards persons in such situations, is frequently too small to be of consequence to the donor, yet sufficient to procure the unfortunate the temporary necessaries of life.

Did not the Saviour of mankind leave us the most impressive lessons upon this subject? did he not order us to feed the hungry, and visit the sick? and when performing an act of charity and benevolence, did he critically investigate the worth of the character he relieved?—The coldness of precaution chills that delightful current of benevolence, which glows with such animating warmth in a susceptible breast, and in a great measure destroys that gratifying emotion

which

which arises from the reflection of having succoured the distressed. Still I am not an advocate for that indiscriminate kind of charity, in which some persons think it right to indulge; for I consider what is bestowed upon the unworthy, as a robbery upon the virtuous, and calculated to promote the encouragement of vice. I allude particularly to persons of large fortune, who appropriate part of it to the relief of poverty and distress; yet who either allow their stewards to dispose of it according to their inclinations, or it is indiscriminately distributed throughout the parish to the poor. By this means the idle receive the same reward as the industrious; and the money which was intended to buy food for their families, is squandered in a public house; and the laborious can no longer consider the gift as a recompence for their exertions, as the profligate and the idle meet with the same reward.

But, to revert to the sorrows of the unhappy being who occasioned the preceding remarks to be made, and to prevent the fair sex, in particular, from uncharitably supposing that poverty and disease are always feigned, I shall briefly relate the misfortunes of an individual, whose simple narrative excited a warm interest in my heart. Finding the channel of benevolence had been stopped by the observation of the ancient spinster, who, possessing the religion of the blessed Jesus, yet seemed to think she was to be saved by faith rather than good works, I took up my hat, in defiance of all persuasion, and sallied forth into the street. A sailor, whose weather-beaten countenance proclaimed the effects of climate, was dangling the ill-fated infant in his arms; and observing me raise its helpless mother from the pavement, he immediately exclaimed, "Master Doctor, I am glad you are come along-side; for she seems but a crazy sort of a vessel, and I dont believe she'll be able weather it into port!" Upon my chafing her temples, and forcing a little hartshorn and water into her stomach, the unfortunate being

being seemed to revive, which the honest son of Neptune observing, I perceived the tear of sensibility glisten in his eye; and pressing the little fellow close to his bosom, he said, "Don't squall, you young rascal; for her bottom is tight!"

The idea of my acting in a medical capacity, spread through the multitude which surrounded the invalid, and a voluntary contribution was raised amongst them, which was immediately placed in my hand. The sailor exclaimed again with a great oath, "I have none of the rhino about me;" turning out his empty pockets to prove the assertion was true: "but if you'll lend me half a crown, Doctor, I'll pay you to-morrow morning, as sure as my name is honest Jack Drew."

By this time the poor woman had so far recovered her recollection, as to demand the restoration of her child; but Jack protested he would keep it, until she was better able to convey the little sloop into port. I had just time to discover that her residence was in Wapping, when another fit deprived her of sense; and offering sixpence to a little boy to fetch a hackney coach for us, I determined to accompany her home, and leave her in the care of her friends. "Do you hold this young one," said honest Jack to a female, "whilst I stow its poor mother into the hold." So saying, he lifted her without any difficulty, and at the same time desired me to get into the coach; then telling the coachman he should come along-side of him, vaulted upon the box without waiting for his reply.

Neither the motion of the carriage, or the volatiles I administered, produced any visible effect upon the invalid; and I felt fully persuaded, that disease and poverty had completely destroyed the poor creature's life. From the direction which she had given me, we drove to the very outskirts of Wapping, and stopped at the door of a hovel, for it could hardly be termed a house: the mistress of it, however, exclaimed, in a tone of humanity, "Oh! its just as I expected; for the poor creature is brought home dead!" Jack, without

without paying any attention to the exclamation, desired she would tell him whether they were to go to the starboard or larboard side; and upon being directed to ascend to the summit of a narrow staircase, declared he would rather have carried her to the top of the main-mast of his ship. "Come, Doctor," said he, looking at me with a most supplicating countenance, "Can't you do nothing to set the vessel afloat again? But I doubt as how the timbers are all rotten, although we have got her safe into port!'

Upon my informing him that I knew not any thing of the profession, and requesting a gentleman of the faculty might be called, he gave a loud whistle, without uttering a sentence, and darted with rapidity out of the room. In less than ten minutes this humane being re-entered, accompanied by one of the medical tribe, who, upon feeling the poor creature's pulse, declared her disease proceeded from debility; and said he did not doubt but she would recover, if he could be able to force down a little wine. Before I could draw my purse from my pocket, Jack untied a silk handkerchief from his neck, declaring he would pawn it, to procure some wine for the poor creature, though he thought she would be more likely to relish a drop of grog.

I desired the honest fellow to replace his handkerchief. I gave the woman of the house sufficient to purchase a bottle of wine, and promised Jack as much grog as he could swallow for the kindness and humanity he had shewn to the distressed. "As to that, master," said he, "I don't want to be paid for an act of kindness; for be'ant all of us, as it were, one flesh and blood? and he must be a rascally dog to refuse lending a hand to save a vessel when he sees that all the timbers have been shattered in a storm!"

By the humane exertions and medical skill of Mr. Dawson, the unhappy woman was restored to sensation and life; and after leaving a sufficient sum to supply her with necessaries, and an attendant, I requested

quested the landlady to accompany me down stairs. From her I learnt, that the poor woman was the widow of a sailor, who, for six months before his death, had been confined to his bed; and that the fatigue which she had suffered during that period, had produced the most alarming effect upon her health. The little money they possessed had all been exhausted, and almost every article of clothes had been pledged; but knowing her husband had an uncle who lived in some degree of credit at Paddington, she had quitted Wapping, in the hope of obtaining a friend. Dejected in mind, and debilitated in constitution, her frame sunk under anxiety and fatigue; and before she could reach the habitation of her uncle, she was siezed with the fit which has been described.

If the relation of this ill-fated woman's sorrows should so far excite emotions of compassion in the breasts of her own sex, as to induce them to relieve the distresses of their fellow creatures, without suspecting that the appearance of misery is feigned, I shall think the time which has been bestowed in relating her story has not been spent in vain. Still, however, I must have the satisfaction of informing my reader, that the object of my compassion is now restored to health; and that my friend, Jack Drew, called upon me the next morning for the purpose of repaying the half crown I had lent. The genuine sensibility displayed by that honest fellow, afforded the highest gratification to my mind; and, instead of receiving my debt, I gave him a guinea for the purpose of drinking the poor widow's health.

ANECDOTE OF MARIUS.

MARIUS asked the Roman people, if they did not think that their ancestors had not much rather have left a posterity like him, since they themselves grew famous, not by nobility, but by their valour, and great actions?

A FRAGMENT.

KEEN blew the wind o'er a waste of snow, when, with vagrant step, and wildly-gazing eye, the injured outcast, Delwin, Misery's hapless child, heedless of danger, careless of life, rushed amidst the terrors of a trackless plain. The world, even highly praised society, he fled, tortured by unkindness, perfidy, and ingratitude, from those he once dearly loved and trusted. Despair took possession of his soul, and reflection bred distraction. The cutting blasts of the north scattered the auburn locks that adorned his manly brow, while from the tongue, so late all-persuasive in eloquence, dropped the incoherencies of a mind lacerated to an eminent degree of anguish. "Chill are your winds, stern winter," he cried; "but not half so chill as the pitiless blasts of Misfortune. Yours but reach the corporeal feelings; her's with tenfold severity strike deeply into the mental ones. Yet had my Ella, faithless, but still beloved, had she, when the black frown of displeasure sat on an angry parent's brow, when, (pardon him, Blessed Redeemer!) a bitter curse was invoked on my head, dashing me from the height of happiness down the precipice of misery, but welcomed the disowned Delwin, who for her incurred the malediction of his father, still might I have derived some small portion of comfort from the conviction of her constancy. But Ella loved the fortune, not the man. Now, torturing thought! my false friend, and happy rival revels in bliss; for this, this, is their wedding day!" Utterance became painful; wildly he retrod the way he had passed, till tired nature demanded a respite. No longer from his eyes beamed the fire which had illumined them. Cold, pale, and numbed, yet almost unconscious, he continued to walk, till streaming from the windows of a stately mansion, innumerable lights burst on his astonished sight. From the dusky

gloom of twilight, to the blaze of an artificial day, was a wondrous change to his visual sense. With a fixed stare he regarded the noble edifice, while a pillar, round whose base the snow had drifted, supported his body, almost sinking from the combined effects of the weather, and inward anguish. Some confused idea of having been familiar with the scenes before him, crossed his mind; but ere he could recollect when, a strain of melody enchained his attention. Agile forms, decorated with the spoils of the ostrich, &c. tripped with light steps past the windows. Loud peals of laughter reached his ears; and pleasure seemed to reign arbitrary over all, save the sad, sad heart of Delwin. A being, superior to the rest, engaged all his powers of observation. The gems of foreign climes sparkled about her; an arm, white as the snow below, was drawn through a man's at her side, who with delight appeared to dwell on her looks. They stopped. Delwin uttered a cry of agony.—"My Ella," he exclaimed, (vainly stretching forth his arms,) "my Ella, my affianced bride!!" A smile of complacency irradiated the countenance of the beauteous girl; her companion pressed her to his bosom. "Madness!" cried the wanderer. "Wilford too! False, perjured woman!—Unworthy Henry!—From my heart, even my memory, I for ever exclude ye!" Still he looked, and still were they in sight. A magnificent carriage advanced to the gate, against a pillar of which Delwin leaned. "Beggar, make room!" said a pampered hireling. The poor youth glanced his eye over the equipage. There, in all the pomp of pride, sat the father of the "Beggar;" the haughty, vindictive Baron Delwin! "Why does the fellow stand there?" vociferated the Peer. "Father," gasped the poor convulsed Delwin, "She's there—but not for me. You, false Henry—my forgiveness—Oh, Ella—pardon—all—every thing." The vital current ceased to flow; Misery had its victim; and in innocence and virtue, the soul of Delwin fled to its Savior and its God.

CESTRIENCIA.

PALEMON.

THE OUTLINE OF A TALE.

Πολλὰ δ' ἀέλπτος κραίνουσι θεόι.
Καὶ τὰ δοκηθέντ' οὐκ ἐτελέσθη.
EURIP. MED.

Superveniet quod non sperabitur.

TO a void and unfeeling mind, the richest objects of admiration pass unobserved, and unadmired: but to the heart susceptible of sensibility, the smallest incident affords a boundless field for reflection, and opens a passage to the fanciful and unlimited sallies of imagination.

About the end of last June, on my return from the university of Oxford, though I had visited some of the most inchanting scenes of nature, as well as the mechanical wonders of art, my mind received the most permanent impression from an object in itself the most trivial to appearance. Chance led me to Worcester, and, as I walked with a friend in the cloysters of the cathedral, a small tombstone, in the western corner, caught my eye, with only the single Latin word "*miserrimus*" *(the most miserable)* inscribed on it. 'Tis needless to mention the crowd of suggestions that at once arose on my mind: a thinking soul may conceive from a hint, more than a dull and insensible mind can imagine from the most florid description. I could not help exclaiming,

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
A heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to extacy the living lyre.

But my friend soon convinced me, by the short recital of a melancholy tale, that

This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play.

"What I shall relate (says he) may, perhaps, convince you, that the good are to look beyond this world for their reward: and it may serve to shew, how small an incident may be the origin of the greatest event of a man's life. Though my tale may be destitute of the interesting adventures of fiction, I hope it will claim some attention, when I assure you it has truth for its basis.

"At a watering-trough on the road side, one summer's afternoon, young Palemon stopped to water a little horse he rode. It happened also that an elderly gentleman was at the same instant engaged in the same act. Travellers dwell not on formal introductions. The old gentleman was pleased with the innocent conversation of Palemon; and he, on the other hand, had every reason to be highly delighted with the affectionate behaviour of his aged companion. It may be sufficient to say, that as they were journeying to the same town, the old gentleman invited Palemon to his house: he was the grandfather of Amelia. The since elegant and accomplished Amelia was then but a child—younger than the young Palemon. Together would they play, and indulge with temporary pleasure, each puerile recreation: yet they met and parted almost with indifference. This acquaintance continued for some years; till Palemon, passing through in his way to the university, stopped a few days at the house of his friends. He was now more than seventeen; and the mental and personal improvement of Amelia began to influence his heart. She had, in her disposition and person, every thing that was desirable in a partner for life. He felt, on his parting from her, an unusual heaviness; and during the rest of his journey, was pensive and dejected; and if at any time she occurred to his thoughts, his mind became agitated and confused. The first ligatures of love are so fine as to be scarcely perceptible; but, on receiving the smallest encouragement, they become irresistibly strong.

"I need not (continued my friend) detain you with intermediate circumstances. I could repeat to you

you their successive interviews for several years, replete with the most tender and interesting scenes. But I will be as brief as possible. Was I to attempt to speak of the character of Amelia, or of her parents and family, the highest praises I could produce would be inadequate to their merits. The records of hospitals and charitable institutions, the gratitude of the poor, the voice of all their acquaintance, may better avail than my poor efforts. Palemon was a youth of unspotted reputation, and admired accomplishments; nor were his merits unknown, or unnoticed, by Amelia or her parents. He was heir to a considerable estate, inferior to but few for the beauty and elegance of its pleasure-grounds, which, though small, boasted many charms that larger ones were strangers to. Is it not strange, then, that such happy lovers should go uncrowned with the blessings of Hymen?

"But I should have told you (continued he) that Palemon had a father, who, though far from being an avaricious man, was yet a man of the world: he thought a handsome fortune was not to be rejected, however Love might be concerned. He had permitted, even encouraged, his son's acquaintance in this family, unthinking of any engagement of affections: for he had previously in view, a more lucrative connection for his son. But the instant he discovered his son's attachment, he forbade him his friend's house, on pain of being disinherited. But love is not easily rooted out—much less transplanted. Palemon continued to visit privately: yet he was twice detected, and twice, on intercession, forgiven: but was threatened, in the most solemn manner, with deprivation of every yard of land on his third revolt from duty. But love and danger ill suit the scales. He again visited the dear object of his heart, and was cut off from every shilling. She still loved him rather with augmented than diminished affection: and, it is supposed, would have married him, even after his misfortune. But he always declared he would never marry her, if deprived of the power of making her happy.

He might have been admitted into the family: but to receive favours that can never be repaid, is one of the hardest tasks of a generous heart.

"At this time (says my friend) he formed the determination of seeking that prosperity abroad, which his country denied him. He went: but did not return for some years. Indeed, he was generally believed to be dead; when, to the astonishment of all, he returned with considerable prosperity: and, to his surprize, found his father had died, and had ordered, that if ever his son returned, his estates might be restored him. Palemon—happy Palemon, elated even beyond the most sanguine hope, instantly flew to his dear Amelia, and—found her in the arms of a wealthy citizen. Imagine his sensations—I cannot describe them. He returned to his father's country-seat, and pined awhile amid the scenes of his youthful happiness; reflected on his former interviews of love—and lay down to die of a broken heart. Towards his last moments he sent for me. When I came he was in bed. We had much conversation. I told him he was still young, and might find many Amelias in the world. He said it could not be: but desired me to look at his will. He then uttered a short prayer for Amelia, and lay down while I read it. I found he had left his principal property to Amelia. He desired I would fetch him her portrait—it was in a drawer in his library. I went—and I may say with Eugenius—he followed me with his eyes to the door—closed them—and never opened them more."

Here my friend paused—I think I saw a tear in his eye. After a short interval he resumed his narrative. "When I had paid the last tribute of friendship to the poor remains of Palemon, I hasted to Amelia. But I hasted to another scene of wretchedness. I was informed that her end was near; that, since the arrival of Palemon, she had refused every support of mind or body. The dejection of woe was strongly depicted on the face of every domestic. I feared for the worst—yet dared not make farther enquiry. I entered

tered the chamber of sorrow—but the cold hand of Death had for ever closed the eyes of Amelia, of—*my* wife!"—'Good God!—*your* wife! *You* the husband of Amelia!'

"Yes, Sir; *I* was born to be unhappy. But *you* may share the sweet blessings of felicity and love. Yet at some future day, in the mansions of joy and prosperity, cast sometimes a thought on *my* wretched life of penance and misery—and let some tender heart drop a tear at the recital of my woes; and, when I am dead—let the word "*miserrimus*" be inscribed on my grave."

July 5th, 1803. MUSIPHILUS.

ON RIDICULE.

WHAT a weapon is ridicule against Folly and Faleshood!—But may not ridicule be employed also against Wisdom and Truth? *Ridicule is that species of wit which provokes laughter.* That which provokes laughter in one man, will not always provoke laughter in another. One man may see the subject that you ridicule in a light that favours your purpose of making it ridiculous; another, in a light that may totally disappoint it; and truth being mistaken for falsehood by the erroneous mind, that mind may be provoked to laugh at truth. But, mistaking its own peculiar error for truth, it cannot be provoked to laugh at that error, though others may. *To be ridiculous, is to be worthy of laughter;* and most certainly truth and wisdom are *not ridiculous:* but though they do not *deserve* laughter, they may *excite* it. There was nothing that *deserved* laughter in Æsop's choosing the burden of bread, which was heavier than any other, yet it *excited* the laughter of his fellow-slaves, who were

were not able to see the action in its *true* light; and did not consider that, as the bread would be consumed upon the road, Æsop, upon the whole of the journey, would carry less than they, though at the beginning he carried more. It does, therefore, by no means follow, that because truth is *not ridiculous*, ridicule is the test of truth; for there is great difference between making a fool laugh at truth, and making truth ridiculous. Indeed, most disputes on this subject seem to have arisen from neglecting to make these distinctions.

As it is often only the vicious part that displeases in those virtuous characters which are indiscriminately said to be displeasing, so it is only some weakness in superior characters that we laugh at, when we suppose the whole character to be ridiculous. A poet was formerly considered as a ridiculous character, and yet there is nothing ridiculous in poetry. It frequently happens that poets, and, indeed, those who are eminent in any particular branch of literature, have neglected every other accomplishment; they are deformed as a tree is when all the vigour of the root is exerted only on a particular branch. The mathematician, antiquarian, linguist, or poet, is probably as ignorant of all that does not immediately relate to mathematics, antiquities, the languages, or poetry, as an infant: how then can it be wondered, that they are ridiculous for what they possess, when it is so plain that they are ridiculous only for what they want? Did you ever know one instance of a poet, or philosopher, who had the common qualifications of those who are not poets and philosophers, that was not universally distinguished as a superior character, and treated with proportionable respect? Remember then, that even when you laugh at a poet, you ridicule not his excellence, but his foible only; and that in this instance, you are not only more just than others think you, but more just than you think yourself.

A.

ON THE UTILITY OF EARLY MARRIAGES.

ADDRESSED TO T. B——, ESQ.

My dear Sir,

AS you pay me the compliment of asking my opinion upon a subject of so much importance to your son's future peace, I shall certainly avail myself of the freedom of friendship, although I am persuaded our sentiments do not accord.

You tell me your son has formed an attachment to a young lady, whose deficiency in fortune is the only objection to be made; that her person is lovely, her manners interesting, and her mind highly cultivated and improved; then add, that you had formed different views for him; and that he is at present too young to enter into the marriage state.

Allow me then to ask whether the object of your selection possesses all those qualifications which are united in your son's choice? or whether, to a man who must possess a fortune so affluent as Edward's, money ought to influence him in the choice of a wife? I will, for a moment, suppose that the lady you are desirous he should marry, is in every respect equal to the one who has inspired him with regard; but if she is this amiable, deserving young creature, can you wish him to offer her a divided heart? Can the coldness of esteem be converted into the liveliness of affection? Can tenderness submit to parental controul? Or can the lapse of five-and-twenty years eradicate from your recollection the wayward passion which influenced your heart?

I have always thought that parental authority, in the important affair of marriage, ought not to interfere. To advise, is doubtless the duty of a parent; but the law of nature cannot extend to constraint. Had your son, my dear friend, fixed his affections upon an unworthy object, it would have been your duty (if possible) to have prevented him from rendering

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ing himself miserable for life; but when you allow the young lady on whom he has placed his affections to be so extremely amiable, why refuse your consent to his making her his wife?

To what cause are we to ascribe the many unhappy marriages which every man, who mixes in society, daily beholds; but to their being formed upon the slender basis of convenience, and love being sacrificed at Plutus's shrine? The disposition of your son is formed for domestic happiness; but if he is united to an object who is totally indifferent to his heart, can you expect him to feel any gratification in her society? Will he not rather fly to amusements to disperse the vacuum in his breast? Instead, therefore, of his being a domestic man, you will compel him to become a dissipated character; and what compensation can you make him for this melancholy change? A change, that may not only destroy all his prospects of present happiness, but involve the future in misery and pain!

But the misery arising from an alliance of interest without affection, unfortunately, is not of the individual kind; three persons must inevitably be involved in the misfortune, and many more may be destined to feel its effect. How melancholy must be the fate of the young lady you wish him to marry, if she is possessed of a susceptible heart! For doubtless she will too soon discover, that, though she bears the name of her husband, she has not been able to excite an interest in his heart! The object who possesses his tenderness, must likewise be rendered miserable: for it is natural to suppose, that they possessed a reciprocal regard; and what compensation can be made for the loss of attachment, if founded upon the basis of sincerity and love?

By persevering in the desire of promoting your son's interest, you may unintentionally become the destroyer of his peace; and in studying to augment the splendour of his fortune, render him completely wretched

for

for life. With respect to early marriages, there we likewise differ; if a young man has been educated with the same principles as your son: at the same time I allow, that they ought to be avoided, when dissipation and licentiousness have been the chief pursuits of life.

Amidst the variety of marriages amongst my acquaintance, I have observed, that those which have been formed at an early period, have been attended with the most success; for the temper and habits of the young are not so stiff, and uncomplying, as those of persons who are farther advanced in life. If they have less of that prudence which is necessary for the management of a family, they are not too proud to accept of advice; and the council of the well instructed will make up for inexperience, and they imperceptibly become both prudent and wise.

Late marriages are often attended with one of the most deplorable of evils, which is that of a parent not living to educate his child; and they are either intrusted to the interested, or the indifferent; neither of whom are anxious to give a proper bias to the mind! "Late children (says a Spanish proverb) are early orphans;" a situation of all others the most to be deplored; for though principle may induce their guardians to pay proper attention to their education, still they are deprived of that tenderness which influences parental regard.

I shall conclude my letter, dear Sir, with some remarks made by Doctor Franklin upon a subject which is interesting to the generality of mankind; and the opinions of a man so conversant with human nature, I trust, will make a strong impression upon your mind. "With us, in America, marriages are generally formed in the morning of existence; our children are therefore educated, and settled in the world, by noon; and thus our business being done, we have an afternoon and evening of leisure, and are thus enabled to taste the real blessings of life. By these early marriages, our families are more extensive:

and as every mother nurtures her own offspring, more children are raised; for population amongst us is allowed to be unparalleled, and we taste the sweets of domestic joys. In fine, (continues the Doctor, in his letter to a young married man of his acquaintance,) I congratulate you most cordially upon your marriage; for you are now in a way of becoming a useful member in life. An odd volume of a set of books bears not the value of its proportion to that of the whole set. What think you of the odd half of a pair of scissars? It cannot cut any thing, though possibly it may serve to scrape a trencher."

Offer my best wishes to Edward, assure yourself of my friendship and regard, and believe me,

Dear Sir,

With the utmost sncerity,

July 14*th*, 1803. Ever your's,

P. M.

ON POWER.

IT has been said, that power never forgoes the acquisitions it has once made; not even those by which it may be itself exposed to dangers. We may search history in vain for the example of any prince who has voluntarily consented to limit his authority. But it is not to the great alone this passion for dominion is confined; in the kitchen, or stable, we may trace not only the petty creature, but the great tyrant; nay, in the hours of candid and unprejudiced scrutiny, the hazard of accepting unlimited or unlimitable trust.

Z.

LETTER FROM A YOUNG GENTLEMAN TO HIS SISTER,

On her removing from the Country to live in the City.

THE tender anxiety with which an affectionate brother must naturally be affected by every thing that concerns, however remotely, the present or future felicity of an amiable sister, alone induces me at this time to intrude upon your hours of gaiety and chearfulness, and will, I flatter myself, at least secure me a favourable reception. I confess, my dear girl, I am but ill qualified for the task I have undertaken; but when I consider the change in your situation, and that upon the conduct which you may now adopt, and the sentiments you may now imbibe, your future character, consequence, and peace of mind, in a great measure may depend, my regard for your interest overcomes every other consideration, and prevails upon me to throw together the following scattered thoughts, which may possibly be of some service to you in life.

My youth, and natural indulgence for your sex, will secure you from the rigid austerity of age; while the little experience I have had in the world, the observations upon mankind I have had an opportunity of making, and a certain turn of thought, which I would hope is not peculiar to myself, will prevent my adopting the maxims of the votaries of folly and dissipation, beyond what reason and virtue will justify.

You are now, my dear girl, arrived at a time of life, when the passions begin to unfold themselves, and the heart expands, and discloses all its tender sensibilities: educated in the bosom of rural retirement, far from the liberties of the town, your mind is unsullied as the chrystal stream; your soul the image of spotless purity; and your heart the seat of every virtuous, every delicate sentiment, void of art, and free

from affectation; that sweet timidity, that charming delicacy, that inchanting bashfulness, that artless, blushing modesty, which shrink from the most distant approach of every thing rude and indecent, and which forming the brightest ornaments of your sex, shine in their fullest lustre throughout every part of your conduct. Such, my lovely girl, you appear to the friendly but impartial eye of your brother: But will my charming sister always deserve this character? Young as you are, and possessed of so gentle a disposition, will you have resolution sufficient to associate with those who are called the polite and well bred, the gay and fashionable ladies of the present day, without assuming their manners, and adopting their free and forward airs? without, like them, admitting the gentlemen among your acquaintance, to liberties, to familiarities, which, if they are not criminal, are at least inconsistent with that modesty, and chastity of manners, which constitute the first female charm, and the want of which the most brilliant accomplishments cannot compensate? Liberties, which will lessen the dignity of your character, and debase you in the eyes of those who are permitted to take them. Will not those indelicacies, which too many, who are called gentlemen, are accustomed to use in the company of ladies, become familiar from their frequency, and less offensive by repetition, until what at first might shock and disgust, may at length appear even agreeable; and expressions for which a man ought to be kicked out of company, be perhaps heard with a smile? Should this alteration ever take place in my now amiable and blushing sister, should *she* sink into the common herd of what are called the polite, the fashionable, and even virtuous females, what distress will it give a heart which throbs with anxious solicitude for your felicity! How shall I pity your weakness, and mourn over the ruins of your former self!

But should you, my lovely girl, by an intercourse with the world, acquire just that ease and presence of

mind, which is necessary for your own satisfaction, and to prevent your being embarrassed, (which is all you stand in need of, if you stand in need of any thing,) without losing any thing of your present sensibility and delicacy—should you, while you feel yourself free and unconstrained in company, at the same time be able to maintain that modest reserve in the whole of your conduct, which, untinctured by haughtiness or pride, flows spontaneously from a native dignity of mind, and purity of heart—you will then have arrived as near to the perfection of the female character, as this state will permit, and will be the delight and admiration of our sex.

If those fashionable ladies, who obtrude themselves on us on every occasion—who admit every freedom which we please to take—who, in public companies, suffer themselves to be clasped in our arms, seated on our knees, kissed, pressed, and toyed with in the most familiar manner—with whom our hands scarce need restraint; if they did but know how much they suffer in our opinion by such conduct, how cheap they render themselves, how they lessen our esteem, and how much we prefer your amiable diffidence, your blushing timidity, they would endeavour to be like you, if not from principle, at least from pride, and the desire of making conquests. Believe me, my dear sister, I am well acquainted with the sentiments of our sex, and can assure you, however desirous they may be, that their companions of an hour, or of a day, should indulge them in every possible freedom, they wish to find very different manners in those whom they would choose for the companions of their lives. Besides, my dear girl, if once you suffer the rules of decency to be broken in upon by one, there is no drawing the line; nor will you find it easy to prevent every person, who passes for a gentleman, to treat you in the same manner; and be assured, there are many who are called gentlemen, who have nothing but the name.

How mortifying ought it to be to an amiable girl, to have liberties taken with her by an insolent brute, because he happens to be well dressed, and has money in his pocket, who is honoured beyond his desert by being admitted into her company! Indeed, to acknowledge the truth, among the most of us, if a young lady will admit every liberty that is not absolutely inconsistent with modesty, she will find it extremely difficult to prevent our taking still greater, and at times, such as ought to be painful to any girl not lost to every sentiment of propriety.

Do you ask me how you shall prevent these liberties being taken with you? I answer, by shunning, as much as possible, those large and mixed companies, where there are no persons present, whose age, or the gravity of whose character, may in some measure lay a restraint upon the rest; and by uniformly and regularly checking every thing of that nature in its first attempt. That young lady, who, when a gentleman is sitting by her, will remove the hand that is pressing her knee, or otherwise improperly employed, and does it in such a manner as shews her disapprobation—or when a gentleman rudely attempts to clasp her in his arms, and ravish a kiss from her lovely lips, will with spirit put him from her, and assure him she does not approve such freedoms—will soon prevent their repetition. And do not, my dear girl, fear to give offence by such conduct. If he is a man of sense, he will approve it—he will admire you for it: if he is a fool, his displeasure is not worth your notice.

But indecent conduct is not all that a young lady has to guard against. Those who are the most rude and indelicate in their actions, are commonly equally licentious in their conversation. All the wit that many of our young gentlemen possess, consists in saying things that wound every delicate bosom, and crimson the cheek of modesty—that execrable kind of wit that consists in the use of double entendres, or expressions, which, though not absolutely shocking in themselves,

themselves, naturally convey loose and immodest ideas—which in general are so plain, and intelligible, that it would be an insult to a young lady's understanding to suppose her ignorant of their meaning—and admitting her not to be ignorant, the most infamous rudeness and brutality to utter in her presence. Persons, who are no better acquainted with that respect and delicacy which ought to be observed in the company of every lady, and much more of one of *your* youth, beauty, and merit, ought to be avoided as you would avoid a pestilence: *this* can only affect your health, your life; *that* affects the reputation, and is a canker worm which preys upon and blasts the fairest, loveliest flower of virgin modesty. And can it be possible that there are polite and fashionable young ladies, whose faces are ever ready, on such occasions, to wear the smile of approbation, while the archness of their looks give sufficient notice that they perfectly comprehend the full extent of the meaning? yet, my dear girl, doubt not but there was a time, when they, too, would have blushed at the first approaches of indelicacy—such is the terrible devastation made in the female breast, by habit, custom, and that vanity, and rage for admiration, even the admiration of fools and brutes, which frequently at first prevent a young lady from shewing her disapprobation of improper conduct, for fear of losing one from the wretched train of her admirers. And after having suffered the first breach of decency to pass unnoticed, it serves as a precedent to encourage a second, and makes it more difficult for her then to assume that propriety of conduct she ought at first to have adopted, and look out of countenance every thing rude and indelicate; until at length, by its frequency, it becomes familiar, and all her chaste sensibility being lost, it is no longer offensive to her polluted ear. Behold, my lovely girl, the blessed effects (too frequently) of a town education; and the expence at which those phantoms which are called politeness and good breeding are often purchased!

But are there no exceptions to this censure? Yes, my dear girl, I acknowledge, with pleasure, that there are some bright examples, who, to all that real ease and elegance which the town would claim, though not very justly, as peculiar to itself, unite all the delicate reserve, blushing modesty, and sensibility of the country: in the number of these, you, my amiable sister, I am confident, will deserve a distinguished place.

All I ask of heaven for you, is, that you may never divest yourself of your present manners, but preserve them pure and untainted; then will you ever be admired, beloved, and esteemed. These are sentiments which few, my dear, will be honest enough to declare to you. Your own sex, conscious of the ascendency over our hearts, which the innocence and purity of your manners must give you, will be solicitous to laugh you out of them, as being aukward and unfashionable—the effects of a country education; and will endeavour to degrade you to a level with themselves. And the most of our sex, having nothing more in view, by their general intercourse with the ladies, than mere momentary pleasures, unmeaning gallantry, or the gratification of their vanity and self importance, care nothing about them, beyond the present hour; and are well pleased to take every liberty with which they can be indulged, as they are thereby freed from the restraint they must otherwise observe, and are furnished with a subject to boast of among their associates. And here, my dearest girl, I cannot dismiss this subject without giving you one caution. Oh! never let it give that little breast one moment's pain, to see a greater crowd of triflers buzzing round one of those pert forward things! May female vanity never excite in that gentle bosom, one transient wish to obtain their followers by imitating their conduct! Would my dear girl wish to have her lovely person all disfigured with sores, that she might be honoured with the attendance of a swarm of flies? Why,

Why, then, would you wish that your mind should be sullied, and your manners deformed, to draw round you a swarm of insects still more insignificant and contemptible?

But now let me proceed to a subject more agreeable and pleasing. Nature, my dear girl, has been indulgent to you in her gifts, and has lavished upon you external beauty with a bounteous hand: she has formed you with a person truly lovely. You are pretty; this will be told you by every dangler that may hang about you. But will they all be as honest as your brother, who, while he with pleasure acknowledges the justice of their praise, would wish you to act as though you alone were ignorant of your charms; and would be distressed to see you become proud and vain, and assume a thousand ridiculous and affected airs, which, to every person of sentiment, are infinitely more disgusting than all the ravages of the small-pox? Though you are beautiful, think not your beauty alone sufficient to constitute your merit. Be, my dear girl, as assiduous to cultivate your understanding, to improve your mind, to acquire every truly female and elegant accomplishment, as you would be if you had not one single recommendation to our favour besides. Beauty of person may catch us at first; but the beauties of the mind can alone secure any conquest worth making. Sickness and disease may, in a moment, strip you of the bloom of the rose, and tarnish the whiteness of the lily! at least those charms must wither and decay when the winter of live approaches: the beauties of the mind will survive all the ruins of sickness and age, and endear beyond the grave. Beauty of person soon becomes familiar, and palls in possession: but virtue and sense will ever improve, and be ever still higher prized as they are better known. I have now only to claim your indulgence for a moment upon the article of dress, although it is a subject scarcely of sufficient importance to take up much time or consideration. Neatness and elegance is what you ought

ought principally to have in view; every thing beyond that must be left in a great measure to your own taste, and the fashions of the day, which, as long as they are not inconsistent with decency, ought in some measure to be regarded, but in such a manner that you may not appear whimsically in, or singularly out, of them; and that your imitating them may seem rather a sacrifice made to the opinion of others, than to proceed from any fondness or approbation for them of your own. There is a degree of ill-nature in that satire and ridicule on female fashions and dress, many are so fond to adopt, which I acknowledge I could never approve. 'Tis true, if a girl devotes that time which ought to be employed in more important concerns, to the care of her person—if she places her supreme merit in her clothes and ornaments—if she assumes to herself consequence and state, and looks down superciliously on such as do not equal her in those respects—she then becomes the just object of our ridicule and contempt, be her dress what it will.

But from this folly, I am confident, my lovely girl is secure: she will always have too just an opinion of her own merit, to think it depends on those external appendages which she puts on and off every day at pleasure: she will always be sensible that she adds graces to her dress, instead of borrowing them from it: nor will she ever forget that "True loveliness needs not the foreign aid of ornament, but is, when unadorned, adorned the most;" and if she imitates the reigning modes, it will be rather an act of condescension, and to avoid the imputation of singularity.

But while I would have you to give into such fashions as are innocent, and consistent with decency, I would conjure you, my dear girl, by all that solicitude I feel for your happiness, to spurn at every thing that is the contrary. Let who will imitate them, may you be nobly singular. When I see a young lady displaying to every licentious eye, her snow white bosom and panting breasts, with stays cut down before,

fore, the better to expose them to view—or when, to shew a fine ankle, the petticoat is shortened, until half the leg is exposed to our sight—I blush for her indelicacy, and am astonished at her folly.

Let me draw, my dear sister, the portrait I would have you to resemble. I would wish you possessed of that undefiled and benevolent religion, which descends from heaven, and refines and purifies the human heart—free from the rage of bigotry, the gloom of superstition, and the extravagances of enthusiasm. I would wish you to be unaffectedly modest, without prudery—chearful, easy, and sociable, without levity, pertness, and forwardness—affable and frank, without ever forgetting that delicate reserve, absolutely necessary to support the dignity of your character, and to banish rudeness and licentiousness from your presence—well acquainted with books, without a pedantic display of your knowledge—sensible, without aiming at the character of a wit—possessed of every grace and beauty of person, yet in no one action appearing conscious of your superiority—adorned with every acquired accomplishment, without valuing yourself upon them—and all these blended and intermingled with that softness, that gentleness, and that tenderness peculiar to your sex. A few finishing strokes is all you want to render you the perfect likeness of this so beautiful a picture. It is in your power to obtain them.

I have now, my dear girl, very imperfectly executed what I had in view, when I took up my pen. Receive it as the strongest proof of my esteem, of my friendship for you. I have thrown these thoughts upon paper, that you may have them remaining by you, and would willingly hope that sometimes, in the hour of leisure and retirement, you may think them worth a second reading. I have omitted a thousand things I wished to have said; but have already made this letter too long.

Your affectionate Brother,

C. F.

SENTIMENTAL REFLECTIONS ON LOVE.

———In solitude
What happiness? who can enjoy alone?
Or, all enjoying, what contentment find?

MILTON.

THAT affection, or reciprocal passion, which unites two persons, is called love. Love is a passion so necessary among mankind, that without it, they would soon be reduced to nothing. The desire of the one sex for the other serves to perfect them both; it makes happy unions, and amiable societies; but this is only the case when reason presides over and directs it. Guided by a wicked passion, it every day causes adulteries, incests, perjuries, and many other evils of the same cast. If you have naturally a tender, affectionate heart, do not endeavour to make it insensible; but fix your affections upon proper objects; upon such as may not endanger the loss of your virtue; or rather love only those who are virtuous, and thereby your propensity for love will be no less satisfied. What am I saying? It could exist but imperfectly without that precaution. There is no friendship without virtue. The union of two lovers without virtue and good morals, is not love, but an odious association, which engages them in a commerce of vices, and establishes between them a reciprocal participation of infamy. Morals need fear nothing from love: it cannot but perfect and better them. Love renders the heart less fierce, the temper more easy, and the disposition more complaisant. Most people are accustomed to submit to the inclination or will of the person beloved; they contract by this means the glorious habit of curbing their desires, to conform their inclinations to places, occasions, and persons. But morals are not equally safe, when we are troubled with those sensual desires, which are sometimes confounded with love. Love is a vice only in vicious hearts. Fire, a substance pure in itself, emits fetid vapours,

vapours, while it is consuming infected matter; in the same manner, if love is nourished by vices, it only produces shameful desires; it only forms criminal designs; and is only followed by troubles, cares, and misfortunes: but let it be produced in an honest, upright, and virtuous heart, and kindled by an object adorned as well with virtues as charms, such love is not at all deserving of censure. God, far from being angry at it, approves of it: he has made objects amiable only that they should be beloved.

A certain person once asked Zeno, if wise men ought to love? A very curious question this; but Zeno, without hesitation, immediately replied, "If the wise did not love, the fine ladies would be very unhappy." The union of love and innocence seems to be a paradise on earth: it is the greatest felicity, and the most happy state of life.

The advantages arising from love are, 1. The propagation of the species. 2. Happy unions. 3. Advantageous alliances. 4. Happiness, if rightly managed. 5. Amiable societies. And, 6. The taming or curbing the passions.

PICTURE OF SENSUAL LOVE.

Damon has upright intentions; he is deeply smitten and sincerely in love with Phyllis; this may be easily seen by the description he gives of her accomplishments. One thing is yet wanting; he mentions nothing concerning her virtue or morals, her temper or behaviour: but these are not the objects of his love; she is endued with a grace and attraction that enchant him; she is full of sprightliness and humour; that is enough for him; he knows no greater happiness than that of possessing her. Lighted and illuminated by her sparkling eyes, he is in raptures; absent from her, he languishes, and is consumed with cares. Would you think that this eagerness and ardour are nothing less than love? Damon does not suspect it; he thinks really

really that he is deeply in love with her. But you may easily perceive whence his error proceeds; that which he takes for love, is only sensuality.

PICTURE OF TRUE LOVE.

Clara is young, handsome, and virtuous. Corydon is about the same age with her, genteelly made, brave, witty, and well behaved. They saw each other at a neighbour's; they immediately, by a powerful charm, as it were, fixed their eyes and minds upon one another. The hour of departing soon came; they saluted each other respectfully, and spoke some obliging things. Three days passed before they met again. Corydon became bolder, and ventured to enter into discourse with her: he had before only a glimpse of her virtues; he now saw the beauties of her mind, the honesty of her heart, and the simplicity of her manners. He was sensible of the love he had for her, and did not despair of one day calling her his own. He declared his passion to her in these words: "Amiable Clara! the sentiment which attaches me to you, is not mere esteem: it is love, the most lively, and the most ardent love. I find I cannot live without you. Could you, without reluctancy, resolve to make me happy?"

A coquette would have affected anger at such a declaration as this. Clara heard her lover without interrupting him; answered him with good-nature, and permitted him to hope. She did not even put his constancy to a long trial. The happiness for which he longed was only deferred till they could make the necessary preparations. The articles of the contract were easily settled between the parties: interest had no share in it; the chief thing was the mutual gift of their hearts, and that condition was fulfilled before hand. What will be the fate of this new married pair? The happiest that mortals can find on earth. No pleasure is to be compared with those which affect the heart, and there is none which affects it so agreeably, as the bliss of loving and being beloved. A.

ON MALE COQUETRY.

THOUGH every body must allow the character of a coquette to be truly dispicable even among women, yet when we find it in the other sex, there is something in it so unmanly, that we feel a detestation equal to our contempt; and look upon the object to be as much an enemy as he is a disgrace to society. To prove my assertion, however, give me leave to relate a circumstance which lately happened in my own family; and which, if properly attended to, may be of real use to many.

I have been above five years married to a most deserving woman, who, as she studies every thing to promote my happiness, obliges me to shew a grateful sensibility for the establishment of hers; and even warms me with a continual wish of anticipating the most distant of her inclinations. About six months ago, I took her younger sister home, as I knew it would give her satisfaction; intending to supply the loss of a father lately deceased, and to omit no opportunity of advancing her fortune.

My attention could not have been placed on a more deserving object: Harriet possesses every beauty of person, and every virtue of mind, that can render her either beloved, or respected; and is, in one word, as accomplished a young woman as any in the country; and her fortune is by no means inconsiderable.

Among the number of people who visited at our house, the son of a very eminent citizen frequently obliged us with his company; a circumstance that pleased me not a little, as he was far from being a disagreeable man: his person was remarkably genteel, and his face possessed a more than ordinary degree of sensibility: He conversed with much ease, was perfectly acquainted with men and things; and, what rendered him a still greater favourite, he sung with great taste; and played with a considerable share of judgment on a variety of instruments.

This gentleman had not long commenced an intimacy in my family, before he shewed a very visible attachment for Harriet, hung upon every thing she said, and approved of every thing she did; but, at the same time, seemed rather more ambitious to deserve her esteem, than to solicit it. This I naturally attributed to his modesty; and it still more confirmed me in the opinion which I entertained of his affection. Had he treated her with the customary round of common-place gallantry, I should never have believed him serious; but when I saw him assume a continual appearance of the most settled veneration and esteem, when I saw him unremittingly studious to catch the smallest opportunity of obliging, I was satisfied there was no affectation in the case, and convinced that every look was the spontaneous effusion of his heart.

The amiable Harriet, unacquainted with art, suspected none; and being of a temper the most generous herself, naturally entertained a favourable opinion of every body else. Mr. S——, in particular, possessed the highest place in her regard: the winning softness of his manners, the uncommon delicacy of his sentiments, and his profound respect for her, to say nothing of his personal attractions, all united to make an impression in her bosom, and to inspire her with the tenderest emotions of what she thought a reciprocal love. She made her sister her confidant, upon this occasion, about a week ago; and Maria very properly told the matter immediately to me. Finding Harriet's repose was seriously concerned, I determined to give Mr. S—— a fair opportunity of declaring himself the next evening, that there might be no possibility of a mistake in the case, and that my poor girl might be certain she had a heart in exchange for her own. With this view I engaged him on a *tete a tete* party; and while he was lamenting that my wife and sister were not with us to participate in the amusement, I said gaily, "Egad, Tom, I have a strange notion, that Harriet has done your business; you are

eternally

eternally talking of her when she's absent, and as eternally languishing at her when she's by. How is all this? Come, own I have been right in my guess, and treat me with the confidence of a friend."

This question quite disconcerted him: he blushed, stammered, and, with a good deal of pressing, at last drawled out, "that Miss Harriet, to be sure, was a most deserving young lady; and that, were he inclined to alter his condition, there was not a woman in the world he would be so proud of having for a wife. But, though he was extremely sensible of her merit, he had never considered her in any light but that of a friend, and was, to the last degree, concerned, if any little assiduities, the natural result of his esteem, had once been misinterpreted, and placed to a different account."

The whole affair was now out; the man's character was immediately before me; and though I could have sacrificed him on the spot, for the meanness and barbarity of his conduct, yet I bridled my resentment, and would not indulge him with a triumph over Harriet, by letting him see I considered his late declaration as a matter of any consequence: I therefore assumed a gaiety which was quite a stranger to my heart, and replied, "I am excessively glad, Tom, to hear you talk in this manner: faith, I was afraid all had been over with you; and my friendship for you was the only reason of my enquiry; as I shrewdly suspect the young baggage has already made a disposal of her inclinations."

After passing a joyless evening, we parted, quite sick of one another's company; and pretty confidently determined to have no intercourse for the future.

I went to Maria, and told her how things had turned out, and desired her to break them with all the delicacy she was mistress of to her unfortunate sister. She did so; but the shock is likely to prove fatal. Harriet has ever since kept her bed, and, for the three last days, has been quite delirious: she raves

continually of the villain who has murdered her peace of mind; and my ever-engaging Maria sits rivetted to the bed-side, as continually drowned in tears. In spite of all my endeavours to keep the matter private, the tattling of nurses and servants has made it but too public, and denied us the happiness of being secretly miserable. The moment I heard it talked of, I called upon Mr. S——, and demanded satisfaction: but could I expect a man to be brave, who was capable of acting such a part as he has done, by a woman of honor and virtue? No, he called his servants about me in his own house, and, after my departure, went and swore the peace before a magistrate. This is the only method which I have now left to punish him, and the only one also of exhorting parents and guardians to require an instant explanation from any man who seems remarkably assiduous about a young lady, and yet declines to make a positive declaration of his sentiments. H.

ON DRESS.

I HAVE often thought that though dress may justly be called a trivial thing in itself, yet, that it deserved more the consideration of a philosopher than is generally imagined, as being no inconsiderable or unfaithful index of the mind. Those who see accurately, will certainly discover a connection between many particulars in a man's dress and his peculiar disposition, temper, and turn of thought, supposing his dress to be the choice of his own taste, and that he has not implicitly conformed to the manner of others, which must be first well considered; and, after all, a great variety of particulars must be examined, before a certain judgment can be made; for there is such a thing as being above dress, (in general or particular,) and being equal to it, and being below it. However, a discerning eye will very often discover strong indications of character in dress; and it seems as if the same principle that directs a man in the cloathing of his body, directs him also in the furnishing not only his house, but his mind. A.

DISTRESSES AND COMPLAINTS OF A BACHELOR.

'Tis hard: but patience must endure,
And sooth the woes it cannot cure.

I AM an idle man, and a bachelor of an easy fortune. I am engaged in no kind of business; but, having had a liberal education, and still retaining an inclination for letters, I pass the greater part of my time in study and contemplation. I have the misfortune to be troubled with weak nerves, and suffer under a thousand evils, which the unfeeling neither comprehend, nor know how to pity. As I still retain the appearance of health, my sufferings are regarded with little or no compassion, and my feelings are daily insulted by the attempts of my friends to laugh me out of complaints they are pleased to call imaginary. My disorder is, however, a real one; and whatever may be the cause, deserves commiseration: my present situation has very much increased my malady; and as, for some particular reasons, I cannot remove from it, the impossibility of an escape is no small addition to my torments.

They who enjoy perfect health, will smile when I complain of the miseries I suffer from the whispering of servants, the jarring of windows, and the slamming of doors; but these are slight evils, indeed, to those I am doomed to endure. At the door of the house where I lodge, hangs a young blackbird, who has only two notes, and they are so incessantly repeated, that was it not for the variety of other noises, they would absolutely distract me. In the hall is a parrot, of the small grey kind; he does not make the least attempt to speak, but keeps the most discordant screeching, somewhat resembling, but much worse than, the whetting of a hand-saw. Over my head is a nursery, where five small children pass the greater

part of their time: they express their joys and sorrows in notes equally loud and shrill, and are never quiet for a moment, but when they are asleep, which seldom happens to all at the same time; and then the rocking of the cradle, and lullaby of the nurse, afford an agreeable variety to fill up the interval. Now, Sir, to a bachelor, the noises of a nursery are the most insufferable of any I forgot to mention, that one of the children has a favourite spaniel, with a voice as clear as a bell: this contemptible animal has many offensive qualities; and sometimes, when I am in a profound reverie, steals into my room, and begins to bark so loud, and so suddenly, that I do not recover myself for some time to be able to drive him from me. He has another trick, that equally unmans me, though it is an action of endearment; as I sit sometimes with a book in one hand, and the other hanging carelessly over the chair, he makes me start from my seat, by unexpectedly licking my hand. In the next room to that in which I sit, the lady of the house keeps three canary birds: and her eldest son, a boy about nine years of age, has just begun to practise the fiddle—a cuckoo clock, in the kitchen, and the creeking of a closet door by the side of it, complete the instrumental part of the concert. However, that more senses than one may be gratified at the same time, in the morning the house-maid cleans the kitchen candlesticks by roasting them before the fire; and at dinner time, the cook generally contrives to let two or three hot coals fall into the dripping-pan, which, from an under ground kitchen, distributes a most delicious savor over the whole house. In the evening, the olfactory nerves have the most complete gratification, from the saliginous effluvia of expiring candles, which, being suffered to burn down into the sockets, add the flavor of the solder to the rancid smell of the tallow.

These are some of my distresses by day; but when night comes, and I retire to my chamber, in hopes of refreshment and comfort, in sound and undisturbed sleep—

sleep—when the noise of the nursery has ceased, and the scraping of an untuned fiddle no longer vibrates in my ear—when the blackbird is silent within his wicker cage, the parrot at rest upon his perch, and Juliet, wakeful as she is, has nestled in the bosom of her mistress—then am I again distracted by a noise, if possible, more intolerable than any I have yet described.

We have, Sir, as part of our domestic establishment, a dog and cat. The dog is of the Newfoundland kind, a very faithful, affectionate animal, and has attached himself to me by many little offices of kindness, which I am not accustomed to receive from his betters. He has no fawning or flattery in his nature; whenever he does a good-natured action, he seems to be repaid by the pleasure he takes in doing it, and a look of approbation from me sets his heart at rest. He is in general very silent, and not fond of making new acquaintances. I have made a bed for him at my chamber door, to which he regularly retires, and I believe would not resign his station, or his fidelity, to rest, like Juliet, in the bosom of innocence. The cat has a disposition altogether opposite to that of Hector; she is shy and mischievous, no caresses can tempt her to the least familiarity; a fierceness in her look, and an eager watchfulness in her manner, make her an object rather of fear than of attachment. From the irregularities of this ferocious animal, I am deprived of many a night's quiet and sleep. In short, she is a cat of most infamous morals, and I blush at the recital of her depravity. Unfortunately, my chamber windows are directly over the gutter which leads to the adjoining house; this is usually the scene of her nocturnal clamours. Contrary to all the established forms of courtship amongst us two legged animals, which are generally governed with secrecy—the meetings of those disturbers of my rest are distinguished by noises of most dreadful variety. Sometimes they run up from the lowest note to the top of the scale, with a rapidity

not

not more wonderful than painful to the ear. Now in a key of plaintive sadness, like a moaning and complaining infant; then, by a sudden and violent transition, to tones which can only be imitated by the growling of the lion, or the discordant howlings of the tyger. Thus do they pierce the very ear of night with sounds, that, however soft and melodious they are to the cats, are to the human organs harsh and grating to the greatest degree. I have very gravely reasoned with my landlady, on the moral turpitude of keeping such an example of incontinency continually before the eyes of her lodgers; and have pointed out to her the distresses I suffer from their frantic revels. She either does not, or will not, understand my complaints, with an intention to redress them; therefore, as my last resource, I have resolved to send an account of my sufferings to you.

It is some alleviation of our sorrows to relate them; and it may possibly render my situation somewhat more tolerable, if it should lead to the reflexion, that in society we should sacrifice some of our private gratifications, if we find them offensive to those with whom we are connected under the same roof, and that it is as much our duty to communicate as to enjoy happiness.

A BACHELOR.

ADVICE TO HUSBANDS.

BY A LADY.

COULD that kind of love be kept alive through the marriage state, which makes the charm of a single one, the sovereign good would no longer be sought for; in the union of two faithful lovers it would be found: but reason shews us that this is impossible; and experience informs us, that it ever was so; we must preserve it as long, and supply it as happily, as we can.

When

When your present violence of passion, however, subsides, and a more cool and tranquil affection takes its place, be not hasty to censure yourself as indifferent, or to lament yourself as unhappy; you have lost that only which it was impossible to retain; and it were graceless, amid the pleasure of a prosperous summer, to regret the blossoms of a transient spring. Neither unwarily condemn your bride's insipidity, till you have recollected, that no object, however sublime, no sound, however charming, can continue to transport us with delight, when they no longer strike us with novelty. The skill to renovate the powers of pleasing, is said, indeed, to be possessed by some women in an eminent degree; but the artifices of maturity are seldom seen to adorn the innocence of youth: you have made your choice, and ought to approve it.

Satiety follows quick upon the heels of possession: and to be happy, we must always have something in view. The person of your lady is already all your own, and will not grow more pleasing in your eyes, I doubt, though the rest of your sex will think her handsomer for these dozen years. Turn, therefore, all your attention to her mind, which will daily grow brighter by polishing. Study some easy science together, and acquire a similarity of tastes, while you enjoy a community of pleasures. You will, by these means, have many images in common, and be freed from the necessity of separating to find amusement; nothing is so dangerous to wedded love, as the possibility of either being happy out of the company of the other; endeavour, therefore, to cement the present intimacy on every side. Let your wife never be kept ignorant of your income, your expences, your friendships, or aversions; let her know your very faults, but make them amiable by your virtues; consider all concealment as a breach of fidelity; let her never have any thing to find out in your character; and remember, that from the moment one of the partners turns spy

upon

upon the other, they have commenced a state of hostility.

Seek not for happiness in singularity, and dread a refinement in wisdom as a deviation into folly. Listen not to those sages who advise you always to scorn the counsel of a woman; and, if you comply with her requests, pronounce you to be wife-ridden. Think not any privation, except of positive evil, an excellence; and do not congratulate yourself that your wife is not a learned lady, or that she never touches a card: cards and learning are good in their places, and may both be used with advantage.

I said, that the person of your lady would not grow more pleasing to you; but pray let her never suspect that it grows less so: that a woman will pardon an affront to her understanding, much sooner than one to her person, is well known; nor will any of us contradict the assertion. All our attainments, all our arts, are employed to gain and keep the heart of man; and what mortification can exceed the disappointment if the end be not obtained? There is no reproof, however pointed, no punishment, however severe, that a woman of spirit will not prefer to neglect; and if she can endure it without complaint, it only proves that she means to make herself amends, by the attention of others, for the slights of her husband. For this, and for every reason, it behoves a married man not to let his politeness fail, though his ardour may abate; but to retain, at least, that general civility towards his own lady, which he is so willing to pay to every other; and not shew his wife, that every man in company can treat her with more complaisance than he who so often vowed to her eternal fondness.

It is not my opinion that a young woman should be indulged in every wild wish of her gay heart, or giddy head; but contradiction may be softened by domestic kindness, and quiet pleasures substituted in the place of noisy ones. Public amusements are not, indeed,

so expensive as is sometimes imagined; but they tend to alienate the minds of married people from each other. A well-chosen society of friends and acquaintance, more eminent for virtue and good sense, than for gaiety and splendor, where the conversation of the day may afford comment for the evening, seems the most rational pleasure we can enjoy; and to this, a game at cards now and then gives an additional relish.

A word or two on jealousy may not be amiss; for though not a failing of the present age's growth, yet the seeds of it are too certainly sown in every warm bosom, for us to neglect it as a fault of no consequence. If you are ever tempted to be jealous, watch your wife narrowly, but never teaze her; tell her your jealousy, but conceal your suspicion; let her, in short, be satisfied that it is only your odd temper, and even troublesome attachment, that makes you follow her; but let her not dream that you ever doubted seriously of her virtue, even for a moment. If she is disposed towards jealousy of you, let me beseech you to be always explicit with her, and never mysterious: be above delighting in her pain; nor do your business, nor pay your visits, with an air of concealment, when all you are doing might as well be proclaimed to the public at large.

ANECDOTE OF SIR RICHARD STEEL.

THAT professional characters are seldom capable of the genuine passion of friendship, is a remark which the intelligent have frequently made; and the justice of the observation was never more completely verified, than by a gentleman who had long professed the highest regard for Sir Richard Steel. He not only

ly admired the superior understanding of this author, but was continually requesting he might be permitted to show some positive proofs of his regard; assured him, his purse would always be open to his wants and wishes; and that by making use of it, he would afford the highest gratification to his heart.

Sir Richard had long declined this gentleman's liberal offers; but finding himself pressed by the payment of a hundred pounds, he determined to avail himself of that friendship which had so frequently been pressed upon him, and accordingly went to this professional being's house. He was received with that warmth to which he had been accustomed; and offers of friendship were immediately renewed, when Sir Richard informed him he would with pleasure avail himself of his kindness, and for a short time borrow the sum of a *hundred pounds*.

Surprize, rather then pleasure, was depictured in his countenance; and, instead of saying he was delighted at having the power of testifying his regard, he coldly replied, "Why really, Sir Richard, I should be happy to serve you, if it was in my power; but I assure you, upon my honour, I have not twenty pounds in the house." Contempt and indignation marked the features of the supplicant. "And so, Sir,(exclaimed he,) I have not only been deceived by your professions, but, from your pretended regard, have been led to expose the state of my affairs? The disappointment I can bear, but I will not put up with the insult; and you shall either comply with what I have requested, or take the consequence of my rage." "Lord bless me, my dear Sir Richard, (said the despicable coward,) I really totally forgot having received a hundred pound note, which, I assure you, is completely at your service;" and immediately it was produced. "Despicable as you are, (replied Sir Richard,) I shall make use of the note for a few days; and advise you never more to profess a passion which your contracted heart is unable to feel."

THE INSTABILITY OF HUMAN AFFAIRS.

A TALE FOUNDED UPON FACT.

[Concluded from Page 19.]

THUS unexpectedly hurled from the pinnacle of happiness, which, in imagination, I already enjoyed, my spirits absolutely sunk under the weight of disappointments, and my health daily declined. My intended father-in-law, hearing of my indisposition, kindly invited me to spend a few months at his house; and as I had no prospect of ever having my salary raised by my present employers, I determined not only to accept his invitation, but resign the situation which I held in their house.

The council of my worthy friend, and the soothing tenderness of his lovely daughter, soon restored my mind to a more tranquil state; yet it was impossible not to feel the effect of a disappointment which had destroyed the fondest hopes of my life. My affection was of much too disinterested a nature, for me to entertain a wish of availing myself of Charlotte's regard, and I offered to relinquish every claim upon her tenderness, if a more fortunate lover should be able to make an impression upon her heart. "Can you, (said the amiable girl,) my dear Henry, feel an affection for a woman whom you thought capable of acting so despicably towards a man to whom she is most sacredly engaged? Industry and application will in time procure us independance, and until that period arrives, I will patiently wait. You are the only being, I am sure, who can ever inspire my heart with tenderness; for our thoughts, our wishes, and our ideas, are the same; and it is in your society alone that I look forward to that happiness which, by a union of sentiment, can only be obtained." It is not necessary for me to relate the reply which I made to such disinterestedness; I shall therefore merely say, that I felt it in its fullest force; and that it enabled

me to support my destiny with a degree of fortitude, which, without such consolation, it would have been difficult to have acquired.

I had been the guest of Mr. Pemberton near six weeks, when a relation from India unexpectedly arrived; decrepid in form, aged in constitution, and a perfect martyr to the effect of clime. He was by no means young when he quitted his native country; and of course was less able to encounter disease; but the gratification he derived from seeing the multiplication of thousands, for some time reconciled him to the loss of health. Debility and infirmity were the consequence of indisposition; and he was at length obliged to leave the country before his affairs were arranged; and upon his arrival at Mr. Pemberton's, he requested him to enquire for some confidential person, whom he could immediately send there. Delighted at hearing this circumstance mentioned, I eagerly implored my friend to recommend me, and once more beheld the sunshine of prosperity enlighten my horizon, and the gloom of disappointment suddenly disappear!

The autumn ships were under sailing orders; therefore preparations for my voyage were instantly made; and had not the extensive ocean been between me and my Charlotte, my happiness at the idea of obtaining independence would have been complete. But when I reflected upon the amazing distance which was to divide me from an object so deservedly dear, I trembled at the thought of the evils which might occur during my absence, and my foreboding heart was tortured with fear. Fortunately, however, I had not much leisure for reflection, as the ship was ordered to proceed immediately to the Downs; and after receiving the necessary instructions from my employer, I bade an agonizing adieu to the mistress of my heart. Even the winds seemed propitious to my wishes, for we arrived at Madrass in sixteen weeks; and in less than a fortnight I was established in my new occupation; though

though Mr. Coleson's estate wes some hundred miles from the capital of the east.

The ill state of that gentleman's health had compelled him to place entire confidence in a parcel of mercenaries, who embezzled his property, and behaved with the most cruel rigour to his slaves; many of whom I discovered were ripe for rebellion, for the purpose of emancipating themselves from tyranny too severe: these unfortunate men received me with a sort of sullenness in their countenances, for which at first I was at a loss to account; but when they found that I tempered mildness with authority, I soon perceived the ascendancy I should obtain over their hearts. Every necessary punishment I ordered to be mitigated, lessened the oppressive burden of their tasks; and before I had been a twelvemonth in the country, I may without vanity say, I was almost adored. All that can be conceived of fidelity, and attachment, is exemplified in the conduct of the East India slaves. It is true there are instances of their proving sullen, and revengeful; but there is a cause to which these degrading passions may be ascribed; and I can positively assert, that when lenity is blended with authority, they will generally be found total strangers to their breasts.

Mr. Coleson was so much pleased with the accounts which I transmitted, that he raised my salary from five hundred to a thousand a year; and as I traded with my own property with the natives in the interior part of the country, I contrived to double the sum which I annually received. Though it is necessary to live in a style of elegance of which Europeans have an imperfect idea, yet, by never permitting any of my servants to have the management of my expences, I saved more than many men who had double my income.

Seven years had I been separated from my beloved Charlotte, and tedious beyond calculation had I thought the time, when Mr. Coleson's nephew arrived to take possession of the immense property which had devol-

ved to him by the death of my kind friend. From this gentleman I had the happiness of learning, that five thousand pounds had been bequeathed to me, which was lodged in the English funds in my name; and as I had realized near twice that sum in India, I determined immediately to return to England, and claim my Charlotte's hand.

Never did the benighted traveller behold the moon's radiance with greater extacy, never did the mariner view the bright rays of Phœbus disperse a storm with greater emotions of delight, than I experienced at first seeing my native Island, knowing it contained all that endeared me to life. Upon beholding my Charlotte, I fancied time must have made a retrograde movement, for I thought her ten times more lovely than when I went. In short, my felicity was so great, that I hardly could imagine so many years of my life had been spent in disappointment and discontent.

Seven thousand pounds of my property I immediately disposed of in the purchase of land contiguous to Mr. Pemberton's estate; and sent for a number of workmen from London, for the purpose of building a house according to my own design. Farming had always been a favourite occupation with me; and as I had an utter aversion to an idle life, I flattered myself that, with the advice of Mr. Pemberton, I might materially improve the value of my estate.

I was too impatient to obtain the reward of all my labours and exertions, to wait until our intended mansion was complete; and the day six weeks after my arrival in England, was destined to make me the happiest of men. On the evening previous to that from which I expected to have dated my felicity, I perceived a heaviness overspread my beloved Charlotte's eyes; and taking her hand, for the purpose of feeling whether it was heated, I was shocked at finding it perfectly in a flame. "Good God! my angel," I exclaimed, "you seriously alarm me! How long, my Charlotte, have you found yourself ill?" "I have not been well all day," she replied, in the sweetest

accents; "but I was fearful of alarming you, by saying I was ill." I gently reproached her for this delicacy to my feelings; implored her instantly to retire to rest; and snatching up my hat, flew to a physician in a frame of mind not to be described. As I arrived at the house, he was just stepping into his carriage: I followed him, and we instantly drove to Mr. P——'s. Charlotte had retired to her chamber, and I waited with the utmost impatience until the doctor returned down stairs. There was an unusual gravity in his countenance, which excited my apprehensions, that would be difficult to describe. I was absolutely unable to enquire his opinion; but Mr. Pemberton, not supposing any thing serious was the matter, merely said, "he supposed the marriage could not take place on the following day!"

"Married!" exclaimed Doctor Eaton;" was she to have been married to morrow? God only knows when that will take place. I will not deceive you, gentlemen: the fever is coming on very rapidly; and I have reason to apprehend it is of a dangerous kind. I have at this time several patients with the same disorder; and the steps it makes are more rapid than I can describe; and though I would not wish to alarm your feelings, yet, if she is not better to-morrow morning, I would wish for farther advice."

Every faculty of my soul seemed suspended by terror; a universal tremor siezed my frame; and had I not burst into a boyish flood of weeping, I really believe I should have fallen to the ground. As soon as I could articulate, I implored Mr. Pemberton not to wait until the next morning, but instantly to send a messenger to town: Then requesting Doctor Eaton to name one whom he thought the most skilful, he recommended Doctor Blane. The whole night I remained in my Charlotte's ante-chamber; and every ten minutes softly opened the door; and before two o'clock in the morning, I had the misery of discovering that her dear intellects were totally deranged. Oh! what a state of wretchedness was my mind then

reduced to! Doctor Blane arrived about nine o'clock in the morning. I followed him unperceived into the room, where, to increase the horror of my sensations, I found the attendants were obliged to hold her down in the bed. The raging fever defied the power of medicine, and every hour it seemed to encrease, until the second evening, when, to my delight and astonishment, the suffering angel fell into a quiet sleep.

The delight which I felt at this unexpected appearance of amendment, may be better imagined than described; but the deceitful joy was but of short duration, for in less than an hour she awoke. "Henry," said she, in an accent never to be forgotten, "My dearest Henry, why do you weep? We must all submit to the will of the Almighty. Happiness was not to be our lot in this life! But (continued she, pointing up to Heaven) there is the spot where it will be obtained!" This collection of thought made me imagine she was much better, and involuntarily I dropped upon my knees; but before I could even form an ejaculation, she sighed forth, "God bless you!" and expired.

The violence of my grief defied all consolation; and not all the disconsolate father's persuasions could induce me to quit my Charlotte's bed, on which I had thrown myself, and grasped the lifeless body, declaring it was impossible that my angel could be dead. What persuasion could not perform, force accomplished; and for several weeks afterwards I was confined to my room; but a natural good constitution, united to the paternal care of Mr. Pemberton, at length restored me to recollection and sense!

Three years have elapsed since this death-stroke to felicity; yet I find not the slightest mitigation in the sincerity of my grief; for though I no longer refuse to mix in society, I have lost all that could give a relish to life!

When I hear those discontented souls who are total strangers to real misfortunes, complaining of the various calamities in life, I cannot help wishing them to know how much they have been favoured by the Almighty,

Almighty, and am anxious to inspire them with gratitude for being exempt from positive pain. This motive induced me to publish my misfortunes; and if it produces the effect of reconciling mankind to the petty calamities of life, I shall think the time which has been spent in retracing my disappointments, could not have been better employed.

TO THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND!

THE moment is arrived when war or peace ceases to be any longer a question of policy. A restless and ambitious usurper, who for some years past has been no less the curse of the country over which he tyrannizes than the scourge of the civilized world, waiting until he had subjugated or silenced every power on the Continent, now threatens to blast your prosperity, menaces your shores with invasion, your liberties with annihilation!—Great Britain is the only country in Europe that has defied his power, and baffled his arms—Great Britain is therefore the object of his utmost rancour, detestation, and hate. Our riches, our commerce, our manufactures, have excited his envy. Our rights, our free spirit, and our constitution, form too glaring a contrast to his own usurped and tyrannical government, and he has vowed their overthrow and destruction. He would not admit of even French fraternity as the alternative for *this* country—*He dreads the very Name of Liberty, because it is the Enemy of Tyrants*, and shudders lest the independent principles of England should be disseminated among the slaves of France.

Slaves indeed! when a despot, acting from feelings of private resentment, and personal ambition, in opposition to the wishes of thirty millions of people, involves them in a bloody and disastrous war, and openly declares his determination to sacrifice army after army, to effectuate the destruction of this country. That the invasion of our Island is not a popular measure,

sure, even among the creatures of the Tyrant, is well known. Nay, to encourage the devoted followers of his fortunes to engage them to risk their lives, he is compelled to bribe them with promises of plunder, and to flatter their vices to ensure their services. Read, my countrymen, and blush at the depravity even of an enemy. In a public proclamation, or decoy to his subjugated people to support him in this effort of his ambition, he assures them, "*When they have landed in this Country, that, in Order to make the Booty the richer, no Quarter shall be given to the base English who fight for their perfidious Government—That they are to be put to the Sword, and their Property to be distributed among the Soldiers of the victorious Army!!!*"

These, then, are the intentions and projects of our enemy—these are the scenes destined to be exhibited in this country, unless averted by the valour, unanimity, and patriotism of her citizens. The danger is imposing; but the moment that it is felt, and its extent generally ascertained, it can be no longer so to the people of England—a people whose fathers held that they were ever an over-match for the French when equal numbered, *and that one Briton would always drive three Frenchmen before him*—A people whose ancestors held that the shores of Britain must inevitably be the grave of every foe that attacked them!—When once, then, the danger is duly appreciated, and the gigantic efforts of our implacable foe known, such a people may will destruction upon the head of him who projects, and upon the hosts of those who would attempt, the rash enterprize. Nor are these feelings to be contemned, or treated as prejudices—Even in our own day, the laurels are still fresh upon the heads of heroes who have maintained the character that has been handed down to them, and rivalled the example of their illustrious forefathers.

Our Edward, the Black Prince, laid waste the Country of France to the Gates of Paris; and on the plains of Cressy left eleven princes and thirty thousand men dead.

dead upon the field of battle! The same heroic Prince, having annihilated the fleet of France, entirely routed its army at Poictiers, took their king prisoner, and brought him captive to London with thousands of his nobles and people; and all this *against an Army six Times as numerous as that of the English!*

Did not our *Harry the Fifth* invade France, and at Agincourt *oppose an Army of Nine Thousand Men to the French, composed of Fifty Thousand?*—and did he not leave ten thousand of the enemy dead upon the field, and take fourteen thousand prisoners?

Have we not within this century to boast *a Marlborough*, who (besides his other victories) at Blenheim slew twelve thousand of the French, made fourteen thousand prisoners, and in less than a month conquered three hundred miles of territory from the enemy?

And are the glories of your *Abercrombie, and the gallant Army of Egypt*, no longer in your minds? An army of fourteen thousand Britons, who landed in the face of upwards of twenty thousand of the enemy, and drove from a country, with whose strong holds they were acquainted, and whose resources they knew how to apply, a host of Frenchmen innured to the climate, and veterans in arms.—*Did they not cut to pieces that vaunted Corps of Buonaparte, whose successes against other powers had obtained it the appellation of invincible?* and is not their standard (all that was left of it) a trophy at this moment in your capital? Arise then, my fellow-citizens and countrymen, break that silence which you have lately observed:—let your spirit burst forth, and let your voice speak out the purpose of your souls. Tell the plunderers of Europe, that you are not the slumbering, infatuated people they have had to deal with on the Continent—Tell them that every house, cottage, or stall, is in this country a castle—that every man is a governor of his own castle; and that he will maintain it against attack as tenaciously as the First Consul would maintain his own usurped throne—Tell them, that England would never compromise

compromise with infamy to ensure even power or greatness—but that, *to exchange a free Constitution, our Magna Charta, and our Bill of Rights for French Tyranny, Military Government, and Arbitrary Restriction*—to barter *Freedom of Debate, and the Liberty of the Press*, for imposed silence upon every political subject, and suppression of our journals, and every species of information—and equality of laws for *the Will and Caprice of one*, and one whose will is caprice itself—*would be the Act of Madmen and Ideots*, such as neither Buonaparté nor the house of Bourbon have ever found the people of England to be. Speak out, I repeat, or these great talkers will suppose your silence to be the effect of timidity and apprehension.—Call meetings in every parish—Assemble together in your towns, and give the throne assurances of support.—Let every man feel confidence in himself, whether he wield a musket or a pitch-fork. The numbers of our enemy will diminish in the scale, as the individual becomes his own defender; and if, as we have proved, *we have ever been victorious over the French upon equal terms*, how will they escape an overwhelming destruction, and annihilation, when we boast such a superiority of force?—God forbid that I should entertain an apprehension upon the ultimate result of an *Invasion of this Country!—It can only become formidable by being despised, and lightly treated.* Something more, however, is claimed at your hands, than simply averting the threatened calamity—*The Lion must rouse himself; the Country must crush at a Blow the presumptuous Efforts of the Enemy.* We must not, year after year, be subject to his insolent menaces—our resources will be drained, our taxes encreased, and our comforts abridged; whilst he, without exertion, may war against our finances, and sap the foundation of a prosperity, against which openly, I trust, he can never succeed. Our vengeance, therefore, must be signal and terrible: *like the Bolt from Heaven, it must strike the devoted Army of Invaders,*

and

and no less secure us from the present, than alarm and panic strike the soldiers of France from future attempts at so rash and ruinous an enterprize.

Believe me before we part, fellow-countrymen, I am one of yourselves; and have no influence to operate upon me in this address, but the influence of patriotism, the jealousy of our rights, our national honor, and veneration for the constitution of our illustrious forefathers. *I have seen successively fall beneath the Yoke of our ambitious Adversary, the People of Holland, and the People of Switzerland.* Internal divisions and dissentions, fomented by himself, rendered them an easy prey to the watchful and insatiate depredator. He promised fairly, but promised to deceive—He would be their father, their protector—the guardian of their rights—And how has he approved himself?—He has, indeed, assumed the controul of a parent with the severity of a step-father.—His soldiers are their protectors and task-masters; and he has so taken their rights under his especial guardianship, as to exclude the devoted victims of his treachery and artifice from any share or knowledge of them. I have seen the *Continental Possessions of our King overrun and subjugated* by the same enemy who now threatens the British shores, *because the Day of Preparation was postponed, and the People neglected the Duties which they owed their Country.* Under the lash of their persecutors, do they for such criminal and disloyal neglect at this moment languish; and, under subjection to the Consular soldiers of Buonaparté, look back with remorse and regret to the loss of a British King—a kind protector—and the benevolent father of his people. They could have saved theirs—*We will save our Country—And may every Briton, who feels not the Insults that have been heaped upon his Country, and resents not the bloody Threats that are held out against it, become a Colonist of France, and the ever-repining Slave of Buonaparté!*

London, PUBLICOLA.
July 6th, 1803.

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

FULL DRESSES.

1. The Head-Dress, a Wreath of Leaves and Flowers of Gold. The Dress of light Blue Chambray Muslin; with an upper Dress of White Lace, trimmed with a Gold Fringe; a Diamond Broach on the Breast. The Gloves, light Blue Silk; and Shoes, White Silk.

2. The Head-Dress of a bright Buff Crape, with a Wreath of Scarlet Flowers, and Green Leaves. On the Front a Tiara of Silver. The Dress, Buff Chambray Muslin, with a Drapery of White Lace, fastened with Sprigs of the same Flowers. The Shoes and Gloves, White.

MORNING DRESSES.

3. A White Beaver Hat, with a White Feather, and Wreath. A plain White Lace Cloak, with a Frill, and White Tassels on the Breast. The Dress, Lilac Muslin, with a White Trimming, Cord, and Tassels.

4. A Straw Bonnet, with White Wreath and Ribbons. A dark Green Dress, Muslin, with a short Dress of the same, trimmed with White, and a plain short White Lace Cloak.

*** The most fashionable Colours are Lilac, Buff, Green, Blue, and Pink.

BRITISH
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Evening Dresses. Aug.t 1803 –

Pub.d by Vernor & Co.

Morning Dresses. Aug.t 1803.

The Apollonian Wreath.

ODE ON THE RENEWAL OF THE WAR.

Heard ye the din of battle bray?
Lance to lance, and horse to horse!
Long years of havock urge their distant course,
And thro' the kindred squadrons mow their way.

GRAY'S BARD.

I.

OH, curs'd ambition! mad and blind,
The most uneasy of all restless hell!
Oh hide thee in thy darkly cell,
For ever there to be confin'd.
Yielding to thee, Mars mounts his car,
With nervous arm the glit'ring sword to wield;
And Devastation spreads afar
Her terrors o'er the field.

II.

Minerva's struck the olive dead
Which fair Britannia bore,
And giv'n the massive spear instead,
To arm the champions of her native shore;
While the loud blast, by War's fierce trumpet blown,
Arous'd the slumb'ring lion to protect her throne.

III.

Fell Discord, from her caverns drear,
A loathsome fiend! usurps the minds of men,
And bids the wearied Soldier rear
His pond'rous arms again:
Bids hostile fleets the fierce contention wage,
Filling each bosom with unbounded rage.
There the loud thunders of the cannon's roar
Shake the firm basis of each distant shore;
There frowning Death bestrews his arrows frore,
And swells the ocean with a flood of gore!

IV.

There Slaughter gasps his greedy jaws,
And opes again for food;
Nor heeds the warrior's closing scars,
Fir'd with the thirst of human blood.
Compell'd no longer now to sleep,
Boundless Extortion reassumes her sway;
Like a fierce torrent from the bellowy deep,
Impetuous pours on the defenceless way.
Follows then Famine, and her meagre race,
With want depictur'd in each pallid face;
Lessening her train, yet still increasing more,
Till she depopulates the drooping shore;
And then the race of Fury's run,
And then the work of Fate is done:

V.

Unless Concordia kindly interpose,
To yield to injur'd Britain some repose,
And view with pitying eye our vast, unnumber'd woes.
Oh may she dry a country's tears,
And quell the anxious parent's fears:
Restore the lover to the maiden's arms,
So late releas'd from war's alarms;
And give the husband to the faithful wife,
To tread combin'd the vale of life;
Of ev'ry pleasure each to share,
And mark with ever watchful care
Their offsprings' slow advancing years,
To teach them lasting Virtue's laws,
And ever to maintain her cause
'Gainst Vice, when e'er she aims her poison'd spears.

VI.

Oh, haste thou, goddess bright, to bless our shore,
And exile War for ever more:
Oh may his iron power cease,
May commerce ev'ry day increase;
May Britain's griefs no longer flow;
Forbid her valiant sons to know
The sad reverse of everlasting peace.

London,
July 15th, 1803.

R. T. OLIVANT.

PASTORA;

OR,

VIRTUE PRESERVED.

OFT on a sultry summer's day,
When Sol triumphant reigns,
The fair Pastora lov'd to stray
Amid her native plains.

Once Damon follow'd close behind,
When guilt alone possess'd
The baneful workings of his mind,
And thus the maid address'd:

"Pastora, darling of my heart!
"Thou source of all my grief;
"For thee I've felt love's keenest smart,
"But ne'er could find relief.

"Long have I tried to ease the pain
"Which rankles in my breast;
"But, ah! my efforts prove in vain:
"A stranger now to rest.

"When Phœbus tints the eastern sky,
"Illusive dreams depart,
"And leave me lost to ev'ry joy,
"Till thou shall yield thy heart.

"Obdurate, ah! to all I say,
"And all I urge deny;
"From hence now I will cease to pray,
"Pastora shall comply."

And thus he said; then swiftly hied
Toward the timid maid,
And, with a taunting sneer, he cried,
"Now, far from human aid,

"The happy moment I will hold,
"Lest it should pass me by;"
When lo a voice, both fierce and bold,
Aloud was heard to cry:

" Suspend, vile wretch! your base design;
" Release the injur'd fair:
" Sure Heav'n will not that nymph resign
" To such a villain's care."

The voice came from a noble youth,
The gem of all the glade:
'Twas Strephon, friend of love and truth,
Who thus preserv'd the maid.

Pastora long had lov'd the swain,
Yet kept her love conceal'd;
And Strephon long had felt the pain,
Tho' he had ne'er reveal'd.

Anxiety had wrung his breast,
Which he could not erase;
And fear would not allow him rest
Till he her steps should trace.

Mere chance had led him to the field,
Remote from any cot,
Where Damon thought his guilt conceal'd,
And blest his happy lot.

Now, stung with conscious fear and shame,
He thus address'd the fair:
" If thou'll pronounce but Pardon's name,
" I'll hence depart for e'er

" To yon remote, far distant grove,
" And there atone, in peace,
" For all the wrongs I've done that love
" Which grant may never cease."

His wish was shortly realiz'd;
For Strephon ask'd her hand:
Pastora answer'd, with her sighs,
She'd join the nuptial band.

Next day their steps to church they bent;
Young Strephon led the fair;
And Heav'n ambrosial blessings sent
To crown the happy pair.

London, R. T. OLIVANT.
July, 17th, 1803.

OSMUND

OSMUND AND JESSICA.

A BALLAD.

IN Ila dwelt a maiden bright,
Fair Jessica by name:
To win her to his ardent vows,
Full many a suitor came.

Her eyes as purest diamonds bright,
Her form the throne of grace;
A dazz'ling was the innocence
That sparkled in her face.

But ev'ry suitor was refus'd,
All treated with disdain;
None could her wond'rous beauty win,
Nor none her love obtain;

Till Osmund came, the pride of swains,
Of martial men the pride:
To win her soft, her virgin heart
The gallant Osmund tried.

Who could refuse young Osmund's vows,
Or who resist his sighs,
Or who unmov'd behold the heav'n
That lighten'd in his eyes?

Fair Jessy could not: Osmund's love
Was all her joy and pride:
And Osmund hop'd full soon to call
The lovely maid his bride.

But Osmund's mother saw with rage
Her son's elected bride;
And still to win her son away
The artful matron tried.

"Go, go, my love, (young Osmund said,)
"Go shew her thy fair face;
"Sure she will not refuse to bless
"Such innocence, such grace."

Fair Jessy went; she threw herself
Before the furious Dame;
"Oh, bless us; bless thy Osmund's love!
"Approve our virtuous flame!"

"I cannot

" I cannot bless thee, Jessica,"
The angry matron cried;
" Unless my Osmund you resign,
" My age's strength and pride.

" I have three more, all gallant youths,
" And of illustrious name:
" Take either of them, and be blest;
" But Osmund I must claim."

" Resign my Osmund!" Jessy cried;
" No, that can never be:
" Rather, lov'd Osmund, let me die,
" Than live apart from thee!"

" Then curse thee, wretch!—But hear me swear;
" Thou Osmund ne'er shalt wed;
" Sooner shall death his bright eyes close,
" The cold grave be his bed!"

Fair Jessy weeping, trembling turn'd,
And homeward bent her way:—
" Ah, Osmund! vain has been my pray'r,
" This inauspicious day!"

" By yon bright sun, then, hear me swear,"
Young Osmund said, and sigh'd;
" Ere twice it set, thou, Jessy fair,
" Shalt be my lovely bride"

Next morning dawn'd, by Osmund hail'd,
As the long-wish'd-for day,
Which was to give him every joy
In lovely Jessica.

On her white steed fair Jessy rode,
Young Osmund by her side:
Across black Ila's boist'rous stream
The lovely pair must ride.

They near had reach'd the other shore,
When, by some magic spell;
Struck by some strange, resistless force,
The lovely Jessy fell.

Young Osmund shrieking, call'd for help;
Then plunging 'midst the wave,
Found by her side, in Ila's stream,
A sudden, early grave.

ISABELLA.

RETURN OF WAR.

HARK! 'tis the cannons' horrid roar
The frighted Earth again alarms;
The martial bands from Gallia's shore
Excite all England's sons to arms!
The thund'ring tube was scarcely cold,
The fatal hail scarce ceas'd to fly,
When Mars—"To arms, ye brave and bold;
"'Tis yours to conquer, or to die!"

Scarce had the soldier and the tar
Inhal'd a breeze of native air,
Or mother wept o'er Henry's scar,
Or lover kiss'd his constant fair,
Or wife enjoy'd a mate's embrace,
Or child a father's beaming eye,
When thro' the air's unbounded space
Th' alarm was—"Conquer, or we die."

Scarce had the "Drum's discordant sound"
Forborne the ambient air to rend,
Or lovely Peace, with olive crown'd,
Been welcom'd as a long-lost friend:
Commerce again, with fav'ring gales,
Had scarcely brought her treasures nigh,
When cruel war again assails;
For we must fight, or tamely die.

The sword, scarce sheath'd from bloody fight,
Again meets sword with hideous clang;
Again maintaining England's right,
The soldier feels the dying pang.
Ceres' rich stores, that strew'd the plains,
Now mangled heaps of slain supply;
And hills, re-echoing shepherds' strains,
Resound—"We'll conquer, or we'll die."

Then since 'tis by the fates decreed,
That war shall fill th' ensanguin'd plain,
Let us not tamely drooping bleed,
But fight, and beat them once again.
Rous'd by a Howe's—a Nelson's fame,
Let's scorn from Gallic slaves to fly;
While England's shores shall still proclaim,
"We'll conquer, or we'll nobly die."

So shall sweet Peace on England smile,
(Unlike the peace that late we priz'd;)
Plenty and Commerce bless our Isle,
When French ambition is chastis'd:
Then England's land, with victory crown'd,
Shall stand in Europe's balance high,
While Britain's sons repeat the sound,
"We'll freedom gain—or fighting die."

"*POOR PEGGY.*"

METHOUGHT that poor Peggy one day in the town
Was singing and trudging away;
When, bay'd by the mob, on her knees she fell down,
And plaintively thus heard to say:

"Have mercy! O pity a female forlorn!
O spare her! nor make her your jest.
O pity a female by wretchedness worn!
Nor probe the deep wounds of her breast!

For once I was gay—and as happy as you,
And hope in my bosom beat high;
But the bright beam of pleasure is lost to my view,
And the fountain of hope become dry.

My husband, a hardy and true British tar,
With Rodney fought bravely, and died;
And saw ere he fell (Oh, unfortunate war!)
His son fall a corpse by his side.

I sunk in a swoon, when these tidings I learn'd;
I call'd upon Death, but in vain;
For soon from my trance to the light I return'd,
But sorrow had touch'd my poor brain.

Yet still I am loyal, and harmless, and true:
Oh! do not then strive to perplex me;
But, "do unto others as you'd be done to,"
And, "*Jacobin*," shout not to vex me.

Have mercy then!—pity a being forlorn!
Oh, pity the woes she endures!
Sport not with a heart by calamity torn!
Tho' it yields, alas! pleasure to yours!"

Liverpool,
July 9th, 1803.

ODE

ODE TO GENIUS.

PARENT of every noble thought,
Thy influence o'er my fancy fling;
Thy lively, cheering ray I sought,
When first I struck the quiv'ring string.
From Heaven descends thy glowing flame,
Thy ardent thirst, thy wish for fame,
And grav'd by it in every human breast,
With diamond trace, for ever lives imprest.

Tho' young in years, my soaring mind
Has often felt thy sov'reign pow'r,
Has trac'd thy page, thy taste refin'd,
And happy sooth'd the passing hour;
Or read thy darling Milton's song,
To whom each winning grace belong;
Each thought that can the mind inspire,
Each kindling flame of heavenly fire.

Thy Thomson, too, can charm my soul,
And claims my equal meed of praise;
For in his page the *Seasons* roll;
Fit subject for a poet's lays.
And when thy Pope his numbers sung,
And ev'ry string so graceful strung,
Thou spread'st thy hovering wings around,
And enraptur'd heard his harp resound.

Ere first the Almighty Maker form'd
His creature, Man, from dust of earth,
Thou sprang'st to light, by Him inform'd,
And stood presiding at his birth.
To thee 'twas given his soul to sooth,
And aid his mind in search of truth,
To teach his voice the song to raise,
And spend his hours in heavenly praise.

" Then, parent of each lovely Muse,
" Thy spirit o'er my soul diffuse;"
Shed around thy piercing rays,
And inspire my youthful lays:
With thee let Fancy oft unite,
And prolong each day's delight,
And at the awful midnight hour,
Still let me own thy mighty power.

MARY.

THE FOLLOWING LINES

Were occasioned by a young Lady asking the Author to write some Verses for her; and, upon his requiring a Subject, she fixed upon "Beauty" *for that Purpose.*

BY MR. HACKETT.

YE Muses, chaunt the glowing song
That forms a wreath for Beauty's head!
To her the silver sounds belong,
By her the Poet's fire is fed:
She rules the sweet Aonian note,
And sweeps the soft, ecstatic lyre,
Whose mild, accordant numbers float
To melt the heart, and wake desire!

Hark! from the gloom of yonder grove,
Where burning songsters eager fly,
Such strains as rouse the soul to love,
And call to life the latent sigh;
'Tis Beauty prompts the choir to sing,
To swell the throat, and pour the lay,
To cheer the shade, and flap the wing,
And leave the sun's effulgent ray!

'Tis Beauty streaks the summer sky
With radiant tints of orient gold;
Or bids the breeze in murmurs die,
And all its gentle airs unfold:
She finely ope's the scented flow'r,
And bids its silken leaves expand;
Then twines the sweet around the bow'r
With nicest art, and chastest hand.

She paints the bright assemblage round,
With magic tints of fairest hue—
In each some brilliant charms abound,
That strike the rapt beholder's view:
She fires the rose with crimson light,
That dares excel meridian skies;
The lily robes in virgin-white;
The rest arrays in varied dies!

Yet Beauty still can boast the pow'r
To smooth my harsh, discordant line;
To bid my groveling genius tow'r
To lofty heights amid the Nine!
Since, then, I've felt her rosy smile,
And known her gay, inspiring aid;
Oh! let me, free from subtle guile,
Adore the beauteous, charming maid!

Temple.

SONNET,

SONNET,

Written on the Departure of a young Lady from England.

BY MR HACKETT.

'TIS past—the visionary dream is o'er,
And fled the pleasures in its blissful train;
The joys that Hope had pencil'd are no more,
Tho' the sad substitutes of Grief remain!

Lucy!—there's anguish in the very word,
That, once, was life and Heaven to my soul—
For, ah! my falt'ring accents are not heard
By her who listens to the billowy roll!

She's gone!—The scudding bark unfurls its sails,
And bears the prize triumphantly away;
Spreads its wide canvas to the fav'ring gales,
And darts, with fury, thro' the foamy spray!
Ah! though the breezes waft her to the goal,
They cannot tear *her image* from my soul!

VERSES TO A YOUNG LADY.

SAY why that deep and frequent sigh
Heaves thy fond bosom, gentle fair;
The tear that trembles in thine eye,
Ah! flows it from the fount of care?
Thou look'st, indeed, like some fair flow'r,
Sinking beneath the dewy show'r.

II.

Too well I guess thy secret woe:
Thou weep'st to think that one short day
May bid thy beauties cease to glow,
And pilfer every grace away.
'Tis this that melts thy tearful eyes,
And heaves thy tender breast with sighs.

III.

Yet shall not all thy beauties fade
Beneath rough Time's austere controul!
His keenest frosts shall ne'er invade
The bright recesses of thy soul,
Which, purer than the vestal flame,
For ever burns, and burns the same.

Strand, London. H.
July, 1803.

THE THIEF AND A HALTER.

AN EPIGRAM.

A THIEF one night, who'd far to waddle,
Took a strange whim into his noddle,
To steal a gig—The plan he lays,
Breaks ope a stable, finds a chaise.
Succeeding thus beyond expression,
Next for a horse he makes transgression.
A horse he gets, he could not guide well:
He hunts about to find a bridle.
In this alone he's known to falter,
And for a bridle gets an halter.

Tooley-Street,
July 10th, 1803. Σιγλα.

NEW CHARADE.

AT the dread of my First the culprit oft shakes;
My Second exists in all parts of the earth:
My whole is renown'd for uncommon mistakes,
And from whence the chief bulls ('tis said) take their birth.

Correspondence, &c.

Mr. H——tt *is respectfully informed, that the Sum paid in general for an Advertisement on the Wrapper of the Lady's Museum, is Ten Shillings and Sixpence.*

We profess ourselves totally incapable of conceiving how Mr. N——'s *Extract from M. L'Abbé Barruel, on the subject of Freemasonry, can "gratify the curiosity of any of the fair Readers" of the Lady's Museum.*

We politely request Mary *to pay the postage of her future favors. If we did not make this a general rule with all our Correspondents, we should be put to a heavy expence of postage for articles that we could not make use of.*

The poetical production of F. R. *does not, in our opinion, possess a sufficient degree of merit to entitle it to a place in the Lady's Museum.*

The remainder of the favors of our Correspondents that have been received, shall be inserted in the next Month's Number.

BRITISH MUSEUM
3 OCT 19

Lady Hamilton.

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